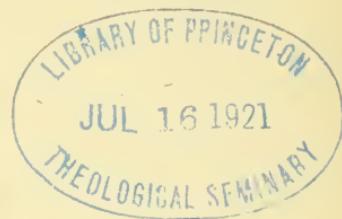


REMS AND JEWELS

BY J. H. Fillmore
AND
J. H. Rosecrans

WARD & DRUMMOND, 711 Broadway, NEW YORK.

PRICE 35 CENTS; \$3.60 PER DOZEN, NOT PREPAID; \$30 PER HUNDRED, NOT PREPAID



Division

Section

SCB
2838



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
Calvin College

<http://www.archive.org/details/gemsjewelscollec00fill>

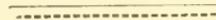
GEMS AND JEWELS:

A COLLECTION OF

NEW SONGS FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

BY

J. H. FILLMORE AND J. H. ROSECRANS.



CINCINNATI:
FILLMORE BROTHERS.



NEW YORK:
WARD & DRUMMOND.

Copyright, 1890, by FILLMORE BROS.

GEMS AND JEWELS.



HE LOVES US.

FRONIA SMITH.

J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. Earth is full of brightness, Field, and sky a - bove Speak with all their myriad voices Of the Father's love.
2. Brooklets thro' the woodland, Flowers at our feet, Stars, that mount the sky at even, Speak in language sweet.
3. Leaf, and bird and flower, Bear His impress dear, Peace and gladness, friends and comfort, All he gives us here.



CHORUS.



He loves us, He loves us, All nature's wonders show; He loves us, He loves us, The Bible tells us so.



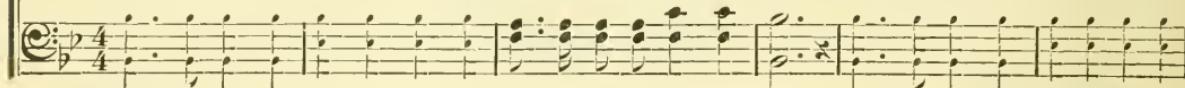
WHERE THE SHEPHERD LEADS I'LL GO.

A. P. COBB.

J. H. FILLMORE.



1. Thro' the meadows green, invit - ing, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go! Thro' the shadows dark, excit-ing,
2. See ! the gen - tle Shepherd lead-ing; Where the Shepherd leads I'll go! Hark! His voice in mercy pleading;
3. Though my feet be worn and weary, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go! Though the mountain-side be dreary,



CHORUS.



Where the Shepherd leads I'll go ! }
 Where the Shepherd leads I'll go ! } Hark! His voice is gent-ly calling: On my ear its strains are fall-ing,
 Where the Shepherd leads I'll go ! }



Tho' the gloom may be appalling, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go, I'll go, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go.

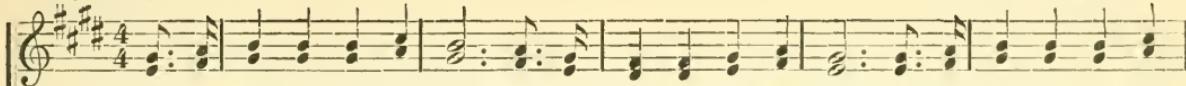


HARK! THE BELLS.

J. H. F.

J. H. FILLMORE.

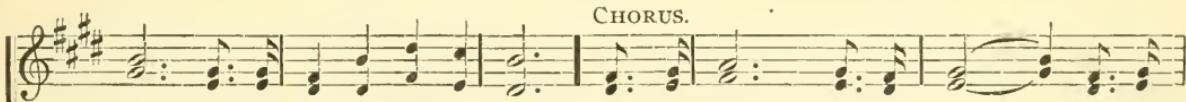
5



1. Hark! the mu sic of the bells, Call- ing us to praise and pray'r; Clear and sweet their chiming
2. To the tem-ple of the Lord Let us haste with will-ing feet; There to read His ho- ly
3. May Thy blessings, Lord, de- descend, As to Thee our hearts we raise ; While the bells and voic-es



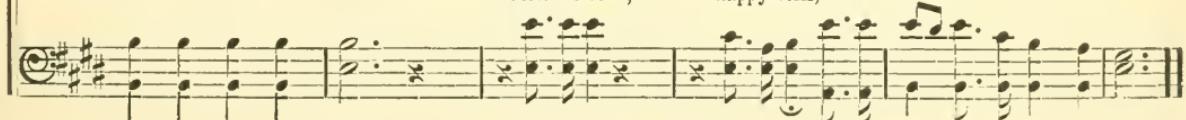
CHORUS.



tells Of the joy that waits us there. } Word, There to sing His prais- es sweet. } Hark! the bells, hap- py bells, Floating
blend In a grate-ful song of praise. } Hark! the bells, Hark! the bells, happy bells,



on the tran- quil air; Hark! the bells, happy bells, Calling us to the house of pray'r.
Hark! the bells, happy bells,



GATHER THEM INTO THE FOLD.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

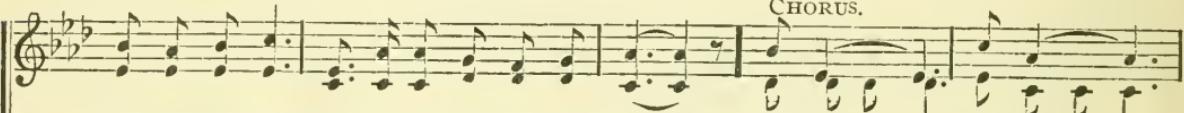


1. Children are straying afar from the way, Gather them into the fold,
2. Many are friendless and homeless to-day, Gather them into the fold,
3. Tell of bright fields and the river of life, Gather them into the fold,

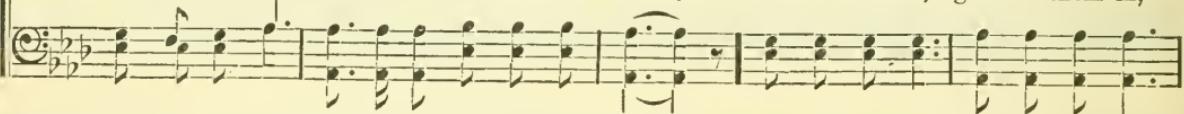
Tell them the Saviour is
Tell of that Friend and that
Wait-ing them af-ter earth's



CHORUS.



call- ing to - day, Gath-er them in - to the fold. } Gath-er, gath-er,
home far a - way, Gath-er them in - to the fold. } Gath-er them in, gath-er them in,
sor - row and strife, Gath-er them in - to the fold. }



Gath-er them into the fold, Gather, gather, Gath-er them into the fold.
Gather them in, gather them in,



EDWIN H. NEVIN, D. D.

BENEATH HIS WING.

J. H. FILLMORE.

7

1. Be - beneath His wing I sweet - ly rest, While balm - y peace reigns in my breast; I
2. A - midst all dan - gers, seen or known, His guard - ian wing is o'er me thrown; It
3. This heav'n-ly wing, so wide - ly spread, Is o - ver me where - 'er I tread; It
4. When wast - ing on the bed of death, I still can sing with dy - ing breath, For

nev - er need a foe to dread, While His bright wing is o'er me spread.
soothes me with its mag - ie power, And turns to light the dark - est hour.
ban - ish - es all gloom and fear To feel as - sured His wing is near.
round me I can clear - ly see Christ's wing of love o'er - arch - ing me.

REFRAIN.

repeat softly.

Be - beneath His wing, be - beneath His wing.
Be - beneath His wing my heart doth sing, be - beneath, be - beneath His wing.

SING THE SWEET STORY.

J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. Sing, o - ver and o - ver, Beau - ti - ful sto - ry of old, More dear to the spir - it,
 2. Here's bread for the starv-ing, Warmth to the nak - ed and cold, Life, life to the dy - ing,
 3. Peace comes to the mourning, Joy that can nev - er be told, All found in be - lieving,



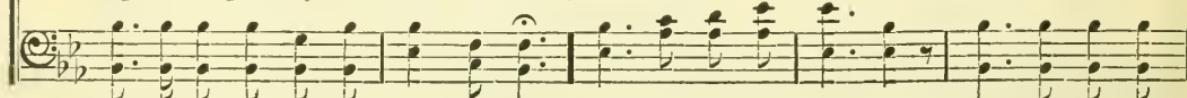
Bet - ter the more it is told, Each heart that awakes in this world of woe, Has
 All in that sto - ry of old, The spir - it a - bid-ing in depths of grief, Shall
 Just the sweet sto - ry of old, Then sing it a - gain to the slaves of sin, Their



CHORUS.



need of the Sav-iour of men to know. } Sing, sing the sweet sto - ry, Sing, soft - ly and
 find in its heal-ing a sure re - lief. } to win. }



SING THE SWEET STORY. Concluded.

9

gent - ly, Sing, sing till its glo - ry, Fills the earth with its glow.

I WILL FOLLOW THEE.

GRACE GLENN.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Je - sus I will fol - low Thee, For I hear Thee call- ing me, Lov- ing, trust-ing
 2. Lit - tle eyes might lose the way, Lit- tle feet might go a - stray, I might weak and
 3. Grief and want may be my foes, Fool-ish sins my way op - pose, Full of cour - age

CHORUS.

D.S.

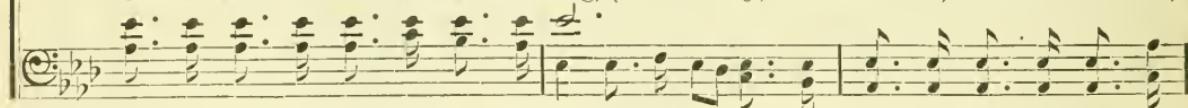
glad I come, To let Thee lead me home. }
 weary be, But Thou art strong for me. }
 I will be, Whene'er I follow Thee. }
 D.S.—follow Thee Wherever Thou dost lead.

THE HARBOR LIGHT.

J. H. FILLMORE



out the shoals and rocks that threat'ning hide. (threat'ning hide.) We are sail - ors tem - pest driv - en, not its arms of radiance stretching wide, (stretching wide,) Till the fierce gales drove them helpless ev - er with a lus - tre clear and strong, (clear and strong,) We will nev - er, nev - er fal - ter,



And we seek the port of heav - en, And the bea-con-light of Calv'ry is our guide. (is our guide.) On a coast all black and starless, Where no light-house lifts its head above the tide. (above the tide.) Nor our on-ward course will al-ter, Till we anchor in the port we've sought so long. (sought so long.)



THE HARBOR LIGHT. Concluded.

11

CHORUS.

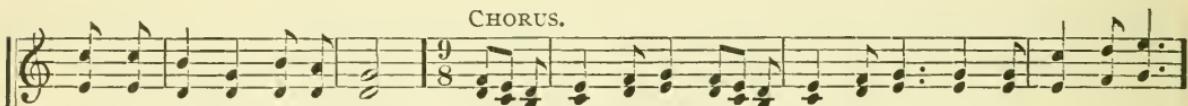
In the har - bor, in the har - bor, There the
 In the har - bor, in the har - bor,
 bea - con-light is shin - ing far and wide, We are sail - ors tem - pest driv - en,
 far and wide,
 And we seek the port of heaven, And the bea-con-light of Calv'ry is our guide. is our guide.



1. Bless-ed Bi-ble! priceless treasure! Will of Him who reigns above, Source of blessings without measure,
 2. When as sail'd by doubt or sor-row, 'Tis this Book a-lone can give Hope and courage for the mor-row,
 3. Bless-ed Bi-ble! much I love thee! Naught so dear has e'er been giv'n. I will ponder well and heed thee,



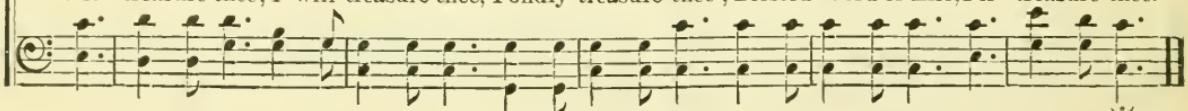
CHORUS.



Tell-ing of a Saviour's love. } And all doubt and fear re-move. } I will treasure thee, Fondly treasure thee, Bless-ed Word of Life,
 Pointing out the way to heav'n. }



I'll treasure thee; I will treasure thee, Fondly treasure thee; Blessed Word of Life, I'll treasure thee.



SUFFER THE CHILDREN.

13

J. H. F.

[For Little Children.]

J. H. FILLMORE.



1. Suf - fer the chil - dren to come un - to Me, Suf - fer the chil - dren to come un - to Me,
 2. In - to His arms with the ten - der - est care, In - to His arms with the ten - der - est care,
 3. Keep us dear Sav - iour for - ev - er Thine own, Keep us dear Sav - iour for - ev - er Thine own,



Suf - fer the chil - dren to come un - to Me; Such in My heav - en - ly king - dom shall be,
 In - to His arms with the ten - der - est care; He will re - ceive us and shel - ter us there,
 Keep us dear Sav - iour for ev - er Thine own; Lead us in safe - ty to heav - en our home,



Such in My heav - en - ly kingdom shall be, Such in My heav - en - ly kingdom shall be.
 He will re - ceive us and shel - ter us there, He will re - ceive us and shel - ter us there.
 Lead us in safe - ty to heav - en, our home, Lead us in safe - ty to heav - en, our home.



CROWN HIM KING OF KINGS.

Mrs. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN.

J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. Come when the morn with ro - sy light is glow - ing. Come when the noon its golden shafts is throwing,
2. Come when the heart of childhood throbs with gladness. Come ere the eyes are dimm'd with tears of sadness,
3. Come in your manhood with its pride and pow - er. He is the might - y refuge strength and tower,
4. Come when the years of age are soft - ly fad - ing When o'er your lives the sun-set tints are shading,



Come from your stray-ing. Make no de - lay - ing. Seek the Lord of Life to - day.
 Come and be-lieve Him. Come and re-ceive Him, He will nev - er turn a - way.
 Fol - low Him ev - er. Noth - ing can sev - er. All His glo - ry you may share.
 Come in your meek-ness. Come in your weak-ness Safe - ly rest with - in His care.



CHORUS.



Praise Him, praise Him, Praise Him the Lord of our sal - va - tion, Praise Him, Praise Him,



CROWN HIM KING OF KINGS. Concluded.

15

Sav - iour of men and King of kings, Crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him the Lord of ev-
ery
na - tion, Praise Him, praise Him, Till heav'n and earth with triumph rings.

JESUS MY SAVIOUR.

FRONIA SMITH.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Je - sus, my Saviour, I would be Thy child, Ev - er o - be-dient, Gen- tle, sweet and mild.
2. Like lit - tle Sam - uel Watching in the night, "Speak, Lord, I hear Thee" Thou art my de - light.
3. Some-thing for Je - sus Do - ing day by day— Thus am I climb-ing Up the heavenly way.

MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT FOR THEE.

R. T. W.

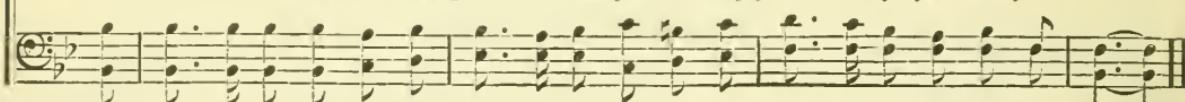
R. T. WILEY.



1. When Paul, in con- tri- tion, Made thrice his pe- ti- tion, And prayed from the thorn to be free,
 2. When tempt- ed and fail- ing, With Sa - tan as - sail-ing, This promise comes ev - er to me,
 3. Oh! bless- ed as - sur-ance! Through patient endurance We'll conquer, and Sa- tan will flee;



The an- swer came to him, With strength to imbue him: "My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee."
 It cheers my weak spirit, Gives strength as I hear it: "My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee."
 For thus He hath spoken, Whose word is ne'er broken: "My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee."
 D.S.—Fa - ther in heaven, His prom - ise hath giv - en: "My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee."



"My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee," What - ev - er the tri - al may be; The

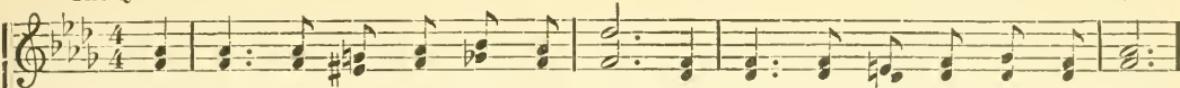


TAKE UP THY CROSS.

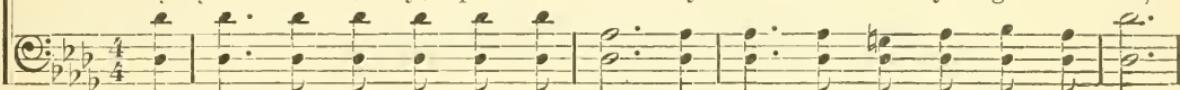
"The Quiver."

17

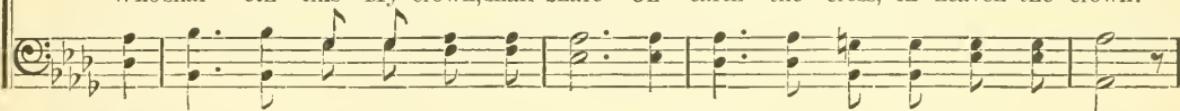
FRED A. FILLMORE.



1. To - day, to - mor - row, ev - er - more, Through cheerless nights with - out a star,
2. Though some there be who scorn thy choice, And tempt - ing voic - es bid thee stay,
3. I prom - ise on - ly per - fect peace, Sweet peace that lives through years of strife,
4. My yoke is eas - y; put it on! My bur - den ver - y light to bear;



Not ask - ing whith - er or how far, Re - joic - ing though the way be sore,
 To - day while it is called to - day, If thou wilt heark - en to my voice,
 Im - mor - tal hope, im - mor - tal life, And rest when all these wanderings cease:
 Whoshar - eth this My crown, shall share—On earth the cross, in heaven the crown:



REFRAIN.



Take up thy cross, And fol-low me, Take up thy cross, and fol-low, follow me.
 Take up thy cross, And fol-low me, Take up thy cross, and follow me.



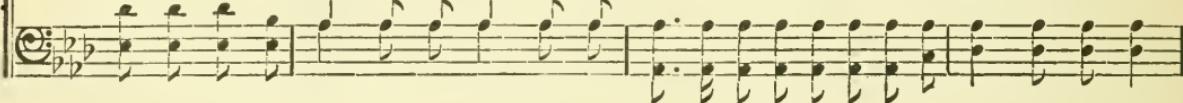
FORWARD GO.



1. For-ward now, the voice of Je - sus brave-ly calls,(bravely calls,) I am Lead - er and Com-
 2. Buck-le on the ar - mor, cast a - way all fear, (away all fear,) And re - mem- ber that the
 3. Ev - 'ry sol - dier in the arm-y of the Lord, (of the Lord,) Who is faith - ful to the



- mand-er, fol - low me, (fol - low me,) Take my word and know whatever here befalls,(here befalls,) con - flict rag-es I am al - ways near, (always near,) battle's ended shall receive reward,(receive reward,) hum - ble trust I give, (trust I give,) When the



CHORUS.



I will lead my trusting ones to vic - to - ry. } For-ward go, For-ward
 For I prom - ise to be with you all the way. } For-ward go,
 And with Me in glo - ry shall im-mor-tal live. }



FORWARD GO. Concluded.

19

go, Take My word in faith and hope, and follow me, (follow me,) Forward go,
 Forward go, Forward go, Forward go, Forward go, Forward go,
 Forward go, Forward go, Forward go, Forward go, Forward go, Forward go,
 Forward go, I will lead My trusting ones to vic - to - ry, (to vic - to - ry.)
 Forward go, Forward go, Forward go,

NONE LIKE JESUS.

GRACE GLENN.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Trust your life with Je - sus, He will lead you, He will feed you, None has strength like Je - sus.
2. Give your heart to Je - sus, He has sought it, He has bought it, No one loves like Je - sus.
3. Do all things for Je - sus, Singing, praying, Working, play-ing, No one helps like Je - sus.

CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

J. H. HANAFORD.



1. Cast thy bread . . . up-on the wa-ters, Thinking not . . . 'tis thrown a-way;
 2. Cast thy bread . . . up-on the wa-ters, Why, oh why . . . still doubting stand;



FINE.

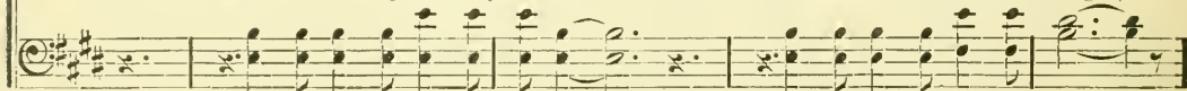


God has said . . . that thou shalt gather Rich re-wards . . . some fu-ture day.
 God shall send . . . a bounteous har-vest If thou sow'st . . . with lib-ral hand.
 D.S.—They but aid . . . thee as thou toil-est, Truth to spread . . . from pole to pole.
 D.S.—Cast thy bread . . . and toil with pa-tience, Thou shalt la - bor not in vain.



D.S.

Cast thy bread . . . up-on the wa-ters, Wildly tho' . . . the bil-lows roll;
 Give then free - - ly of thy sub-stance, O'er this cause . . . the Lord doth reign;



THE OLD, OLD STORY.

MINNIE B. LOWRIE.

21

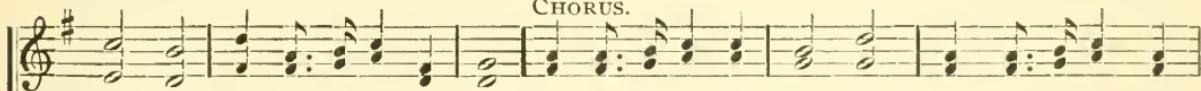
D. B. TOWNER.



1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell it to me, tell it to me; Tell of the wond'rous
 2. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, O - ver a-gain, o - ver a-gain; Tell of His life and
 3. Tell me the old, old sto - ry Dear to my heart, dear to my heart; Oh, how its truth and



CHORUS.



ran - som, Ran-som to set me free.)
 glo - ry, Now it appears so plain. } Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell how my debt of
 beau - ty Com-fort and peace im-part. }



sin was par - don'd. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the sto - ry true.



A SONG OF PRAISE.

J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. O Lord, my heart would bring Thee more, Something more, Something more, For when I count Thy
 2. All I possess is from Thy hand, Will-ing hand, Lov-ing hand, All that is good Thou
 3. All that I hope for Thou dost give, Free-ly give, Full-y give, That I in heav'n with



mer - cies o'er, Count Thy mer - cies o'er, I find them num-ber - less and strong,
 dost com - mand, Dost in love com - mand, All that I have I bring to Thee,
 Thee may live, I with Thee may live, And when I reach the gold - en shore,



With full for-giv- ness for all wrong, And I would praise Thee with my song, Praise Thee with my song.
 An of - fer-ing so full and free, For well I know Thou lov-est me, Lovest ev- en me.
 Wherethose that meet shall part no more, Then will I praise Thee ev- er-more, Praise Thee evermore.



BEYOND THE WAVES OF JORDAN.

23

A. P. COBB.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. What radiant homes in realms of light, Beyond the waves of Jor - dan! That nev - er know the
 2. What star-ry crowns for-ev-er fair, Beyond the waves of Jor - dan! That shine on brows all
 3. What snow-white robes the blessed wear, Beyond the waves of Jor - dan! Shall I, in heav'n, their

CHORUS.

gloom of night, Be-yond the waves of Jor - dan!
 free from care, Be-yond the waves of Jor - dan! } O, ra - diant home! O, robe and crown! Be -
 glo - ry share, Be-yond the waves of Jor - dan! }

- yond the waves of Jor-dan! On us from you far height look down, Beyond the waves of Jor - dan!

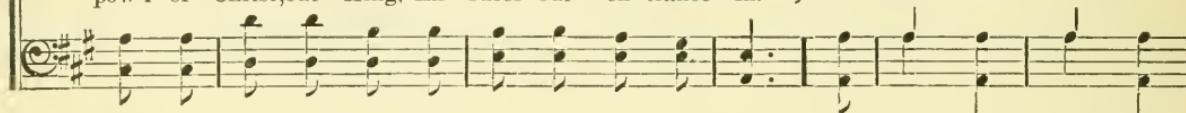
MARCHING TO THE PROMISED LAND.



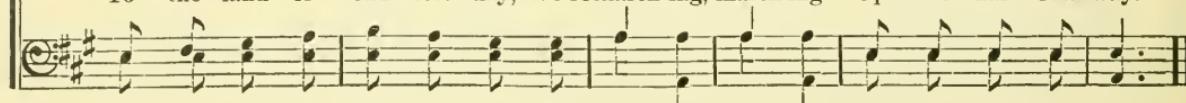
CHORUS.



storms we press our way, With foes on ev - 'ry hand.
 sol - dier soon shall pass, With - in the gold - en gate. } We're march- ing, march - ing
 pow'r of Christ, our King, En - sures our en - trance in. }



To the land of end - less day, We're march-ing, march-ing Up the nar - row way.



THE WEDDING FEAST IS READY.

25

Mrs. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

D.C. 1. He of whom the books of Mo - ses, And the proph-ets told, Call-ethlike a ten - der
 2. Lo, the wed-ding feast is read - y, And the Bride-groom waits, Put the wedding robe up -
 3. Who of you that once has tast - ed, Of the gos - pel feast, Will go out and at His

FINE.

shep - herd, Lambs in - to His fold. From the highways, from the by-ways, From the hedg-es
 - on you, Ere they close the gates. Some have hast - ed out to meet Him, With their burning
 bid - ding, See His guests in - creased ? Long the lov - ing Bridegroom tarries, Kind-ly, sweet- ly

D.C.

dark with sin, From the pit - falls that may catch them, Go and get the chil - dren in.
 lamps well trimmed; Some have slept, their oil has wasted, Till their lights have all been dimmed.
 call - ing still, Send - ing near and far the mes - sage, All, yes all may come who will.

THE BRIGHT, HAPPY HOME

J. W. McGARVEY Jr.



1. There's a bright, hap - py home o - ver yon - der, On the bright e - ter - nal shore;
2. There's a bright, hap - py home o - ver yon - der, Where the crys - tal wa - ters glide;
3. There's a bright, hap - py home o - ver yon - der, Where the song shall nev - er cease;



Where the saints shall dwell with Je - sus, All the glad for ev - er more.
 Where the tree of life for - ev - er, Blooms by the sil - ver tide.
 Where the saints shall dwell for - ev - er With the Lord in per - fect peace.



CHORUS.
 We'll meet with our Sav - iour in the morn - ing, That Sav - iour full of love;



THE BRIGHT, HAPPY HOME. Concluded.

We'll dwell with our King, and for ev - er more we'll sing In that hap - py home a - bove.

O LOVE DIVINE.

Mrs. A. L. DAVISON.

J. H. FILLMORE,

1. O man of sorrows! mortal grief Thou know-est well; The bit-ter pangs that Thou didst bear,
2. De-spised of men, Thou gav-est all, Their souls to save, Did'st bow Thy king-ly head to meet
3. O loved of God, O bless-ed Son, I call to Thee; Thro'shade and sun, thro' life and death,
- preme-ly blest In Thee I rest

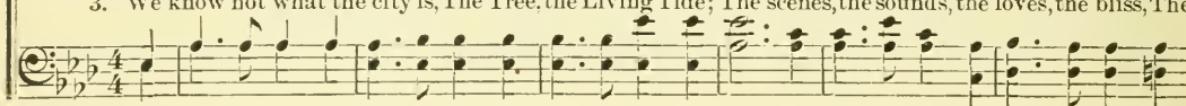
FINE. CHORUS.

D.S.

What tongue can tell ! } The cross, the grave. } O love di-vine, I call Thee mine; My heart to Thee I bring. Su -
Be near to me. } My Sav - iour King.

WE KNOW NOT YET.

D. B. TOWNER.



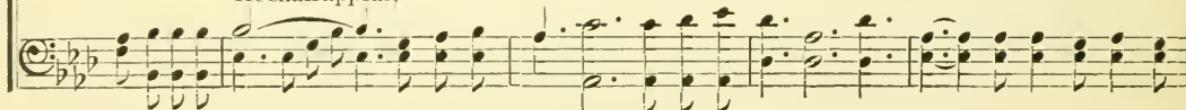
CHORUS.



rise above the sod. } But we know . . . that when He shall appear, We know that
 greet our ravished ears. } we know
 Bridegroom and the Bride. } He shall appear, we know



when He shall appear . . . We shall be like Him, we shall be like Him, For we shall see Him as He
 He shall appear,



is, We shall be like Him, we shall be like Him, For we shall see Him as He is.

WE'RE A LOYAL BAND.

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES.

For Little Children.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. We are marching hand in hand, Thro' the land, thro' the land, Jesus' happy little band, Happy little band.
2. On we march with sweet accord, Near our Lord, near our Lord, And His smile is our reward; Oh, we love our Lord.
3. All the lions in our way We will slay, we will slay, As we tread the narrow way, Tread the narrow way.
4. We will conquer by and by, If we try, if we try, With dear Jesus ever nigh, Conquer by and by.

CHORUS.

Oh, we are a loy- al band, Loyal band, loyal band, Clinging close to Jesus' hand, Close to Jesus' hand.

FRONIA SMITH.

J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. We're a happy pilgrim band, Marching to the promised land, Guided by our Captain, on we move;
 2. We've a Leader bold and brave, Jesus mightiest to save, No fierce lion dares to cross our way,



And to cheer us on our way, We are singing all the day, Singing as we near the shrine we love.
 Marching on without a fear, To our Captain keeping near, Pilgrims never from our ranks will stray.



CHORUS.



We are marching all the day, We are singing all the way,
 We are marching, marching all the day, all the day, We are singing, singing all the way, all the way,

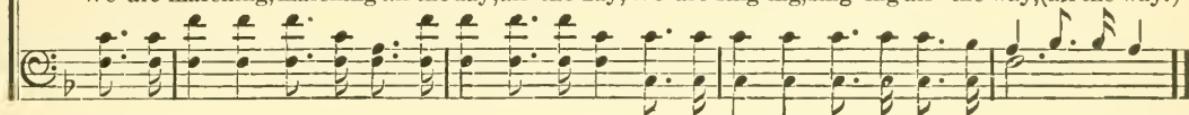


MARCHING AND SINGING. Concluded.

31



We are march - ing all the day, We are sing - ing all the way, (all the way.)
 We are marching, marching all the day, We are sing-ing, sing-ing all the way, (all the way.)



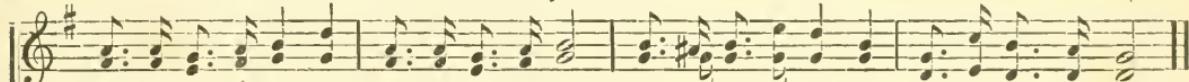
"Weekly Witness."

DO NOT BE AFRAID.

E. R. LOGAN.



1. Tho' the tempest rag-es, And the day is past; Tho' the darkness deepens, And the night falls fast;
 2. Nothing can be harm-ful, Which the Father sends; Ev-en loss and sorrow, And the lack of friends
 3. Soon the flowing riv-er, Will be near our feet; We must cross the waters, Ere our loved we meet;



There is heard a whis-per, In the thick'ning shade, "It is I, the Master; Do not be a - fraid!"
 Need not make us fearful, Troubled or dismayed, Since the Lord is say-ing, "Do not be a - fraid!"
 But to give us courage, Lest we be dismayed, Christ, the Lord, will whisper, "Do not be a - fraid!"



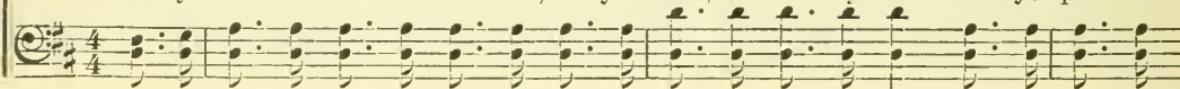
ARE YOU WITNESSING FOR HIM?

ALICE M. BATCHELDER.

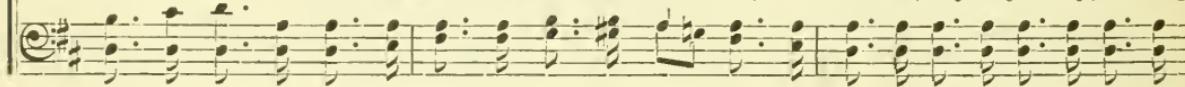
J. H. FILLMORE.



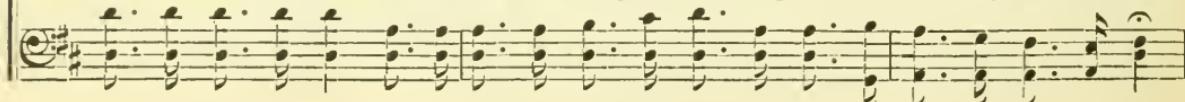
1. Tell me, broth- er, worn and wea - ry, Toil - ing o'er life's path-way dim, Are you shed-ding
2. Are you watch-ing by the way- side For the faint - ing ones who fall? Do you take them
3. Have you made a con - se - cra - tion, Of your time, and earth- ly store? Have you plac'd them



light for Je - sus, Are you wit - ness-ing for Him? Are you seeking for the sinners, Those whom to the Sav- iour, Who has prom-ised rest to all? Do you love to tell of Je-sus More than on the al - tar? Then the Mas- ter asks no more. Thus, O Christian, may we journey, Showing



Je - sus died to win? Are you point-ing to the foun-tain That can wash a- way their sin? all the world be-side? Does it bring a heav'n-ly bless- ing With God's peo- ple to a-bide? forth the Sav-iour's praise, With our lamps all bright and burning, That the world may catch their rays.



ARE YOU WITNESSING FOR HIM? Concluded.

33

CHORUS.

Tell me, broth - - er, worn and wea - - ry, Toil - ing
 Tell me, broth - er, worn and wea - ry, Tell me, broth - er, worn and wea - ry, Toil - ing

o'er life's path - way dim; Are you shed - - ding
 o'er life's path-way dim, Toil - ing o'er life's path-way dim; Are you shed- ding light for Je - sus?

light for Je - - sus? Are you wit - ness - ing for Him?
 Are you shed-ding light for Je - sus? Are you wit-ness-ing for Him? Are you wituessing for Him?

rit.

ABLE AND WILLING TO SAVE.

GRACE GLENN.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Mer - ey in Je - sus, my brother, Of - fers to you and to me, Par - don for all that we
 2. Long have we wander'd in darkness, Groping in sor - row and sin, Bring - ing no tithes to His
 3. Noth-ing is gain'd by de - lay - ing, Wea - ry with toil - ing and strife, He is the Lord of the

CHORUS.

Chorus lyrics: owe Him, Per - fect, en - dur - ing and free. } Je - sus is a - ble and will - ing,
 store-house, —Free-ly He bids us "Come in." } Je - - sus is able and willing, yes,
 har - vest, He is the fountain of life. }

Chorus lyrics: Je - sus is calling to - day. Willing to save, A - ble to save, Why should we longer delay ?
 Je - - sus is calling to-day.

JESUS LOVES ME.

35

J. H. F.

For Little Children.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1-4. Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves e - ven me;

He came from His home in the skies a - bove, To show lit - tle chil - dren His
 He blest lit - tle chil - dren with words of pray'r And bade them to trust in the
 His life and ex - am - ple He came to give, To show lit - tle chil - dren the
 He suf - fered and died on the cross of shame That we might be saved thro' His

won-drous love, To show us His won-drous love.
 Fa-ther's care, To trust in the Fa-ther's care.
 way to live, To show us the way to live.
 bless - ed name, Be saved thro' His bless - ed name.

IN EVERY THING GIVE THANKS.

Mrs. L. M. B. BATEMAN.

ALFRED POWERS.



1. The les - son is hard for our learn - ing, When tempt - ed to pine and to grieve,
 2. We lin - ger so long with our tri - als, And live our per - plex - i ties o'er;
 3. God gives us so man - y good bless - ings, So few lit - tle tri - als to bear;
 4. Each pang holds a gift for our grasp - ing, If on - ly its les - sons we learn;



Yet God nev - er gave us a por - tion, But grate - ful - ly we should re - ceive.
 We might be more earn - est - ly thank - ful, If count - ing our joys by the score.
 We on - ly take note of our troub - les, And mag - ni - fy ev - er - y care.
 In ev 'ry af - flic tion, then, broth - er, The in - cense of grate - ful - ness burn.



CHORUS.



Give thanks O my brother, Life's tri - als all through,
 Give thanks, then, give thanks, O my brother, my brother, Life's tri - als, life's trials all thro', tri - als thro';



IN EVERY THING GIVE THANKS. Concluded.

37

Our bless - ings are man - y, Our sor - rows are few.
 Our blessings, our blessings, are man - y, Our sor-rows, our sor-rows are few.

FRONIA SMITH.

BLESS THE LORD, O SOUL WITHIN ME. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. Bless the Lord, O soul within me, He hath done so much for thee; With His light as with a garment,
 2. He has sent His an-gels to thee, Bearing messag - es of love; Thou hast felt their presence near thee,
 3. He hath made thy foes to vanish, At His voice they fled a-way; Low-ly list-en while He teacheth,

REFRAIN.

All thy years He's cov-ered thee.
 In that peace that's from a-bove. } Bless the Lord, O my soul, Bless the Lord, O my soul.
 Thou shalt learn the perfect way.

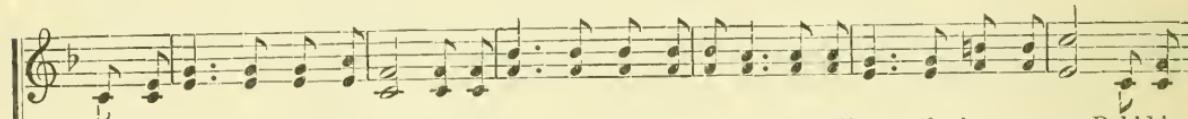
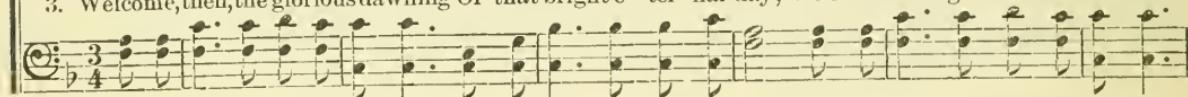
WE SHALL SEE AND KNOW.

A. C. HOPKINS.

H. R. TRICKETT.



1. When we pass death's silent portals, When we reach the oth- er shore, Shall we see the lov'd and lost ones,
2. When the sil- ver cord is loosened, When the sun of life is set, Shall we fear to cross the riv - er,
3. Welcome, then, the glorious dawning Of that bright e - ter - nal day; Who would linger in the darkness ?



Those whom God has call'd before? Shall we, in e - ter - nal sunshine, Standing on the jas - per sea, Rob'd in
 Shall we lin - ger with re-gret? No, we hear sweet voices calling, Calling to us from the shore, Calling
 Oh, for wings to fly a-way! No, ye blessed blood-wash'd lov'd ones, Soon I come to join your band, Wait for



CHORUS.



white and crown'd with glory, All our lov'd ones shall we see ? }
 and the heart re - joic - es, For we see our friends once more. } Hark! I hear an - gel - ic voices
 me be-side the por-tal, Meet me in the glo - ry land. }



Com-ing from that land so fair, Singing, and my heart re - joi-ces, We shall know each oth-er there.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

A. P. COBB.

For Little Children.

A. C. HOPKINS.

1. Helmet on and sword in hand, Looking unto Jesus; We His little soldiers stand, Looking unto Je - sus.
2. Faith our shield, and girt with truth, Looking unto Jesus; Serving Him in joyous youth, Looking unto Jesus.
3. Fiery darts on ev'ry hand, Looking unto Je-sus, Daring all, we still shall stand, Looking unto Je - sus.
4. Praying always, with all pray'r, Looking unto Je-sus, Watching thereunto with care, Looking unto Je-sus.

CHORUS.

Oh, the joy, the heav'ly joy, Looking un-to Je - sus, We shall find in His employ, Looking unto Je- sus.

DON'T STEP THERE.

J. H. ROSECRANS.



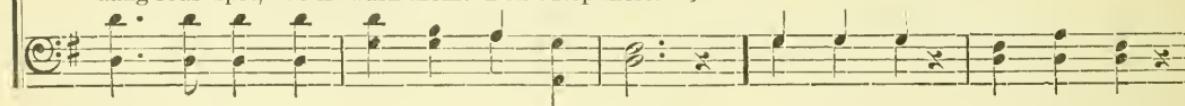
1. As on the path of life we tread, We come to many a place, Where, if not care-ful,
 2. Some i - dle hab - it, word or tho't, Some sin, how-ev - er small, May make us stum-ble
 3. Our fel - low-trav'-lers on the road, We'll watch with anxious care, And when they reach some



CHORUS.



we may fall And sink in - to dis - grace. }
 in the path, And stum-bling, we may fall. } Don't step there, Don't step there,
 dang'rous spot, We'll warn them: "Don't step there." }



Don't step there, For if not care-ful we may fall, Don't step there.

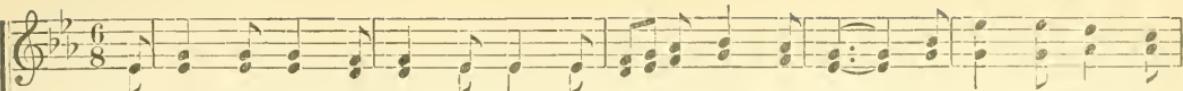


LOVE OF JESUS.

41

Mrs. A. L. DAVISON.

J. H. FILLMORE.



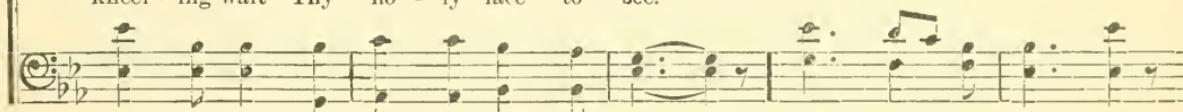
1. "The love of Christ constrain-eth us :" O Sav-iour, ev - er mild, Be-hold we wait Thy
2. Through all the ma - ny ways of life Thy peo-ple come to Thee : Constrain'd by love. O
3. Unstain'd Thou wert, and yet on Thee Was laid our mor - tal sin : Thou gav - est all that
4. Dear Lord, as Thou hast died for us We seek to live for Thee, Low at Thy feet we



CHORUS.



bless - ing now, Lead us, O un - de - filed. } Love, love of Je - sus,
 pre - cious love, They seek Thee earn - est - ly. }
 Thou from death Our dark-en'd souls might win. }
 kneel - ing wait Thy ho - ly face to see.



All pre - vail - ing, Nev - er fail - ing, Love, love of Je - sus, Wondrous love of Je - sus.



BLESSED CHRIST OF GALILEE.

Mrs. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN.

J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. There's a far off path I should like to find, Where the Saviour walked of old in Gal - i - lee,
2. There's a way - side spring where I long to taste, Of the fountain where my Saviour drank before,
3. There's a near - er path where my feet may go, That is blessed because the poor He loved are there,
4. Though the hillside fountain of Gal - i - lee, May have sunk a-way and vanished long a - go,



In the shift- ing sand of the gold- en strand, By the wa-ters of the ev - er chang- ing sea.
 And a low - ly cot in a qui - et spot, Where the Lord of love and la - bor dwelt of yore.
 And the great de - light of the land of light, Will be bright-er for the woes that I may share.
 In the fount of life I may quench all strife, And the gold- en crown of lov - ing la - bor know.



CHORUS.



I should like to walk with Thee, Blessed Christ of Gali- lee, With thy smile of love up-on my soul;



BLESSED CHRIST OF GALILEE. Concluded.

43

I should like to hear Thy voice, Bid my longing heart rejoice, While the never ending a - ges roll.

LITTLE HELPS.

Mrs. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN.

[For Little Children.]

J. H. ROSECRANS.

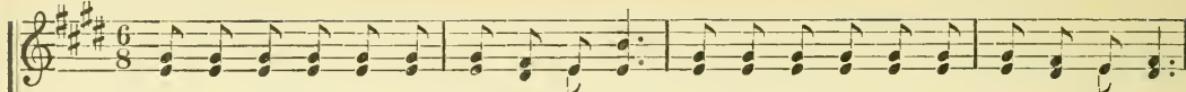
1. Little children all can give Kindly words of cheer; They can help by notes of song All the toil- ers here.
2. Little children all can do Gentle, loving deeds; Patient acts in kindness done, Every-bod- y needs.
3. By and by, when older grown, Greater things to do; Surely will the harvest be No-ble, good and true.

CHORUS.

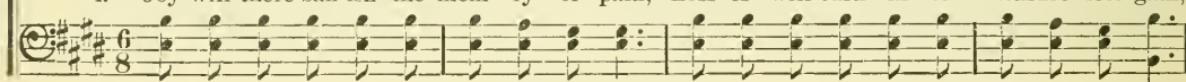
Yes, yes, yes. Gen- tle words and notes of song; Yes, yes, yes, They can help a long.

OVER THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

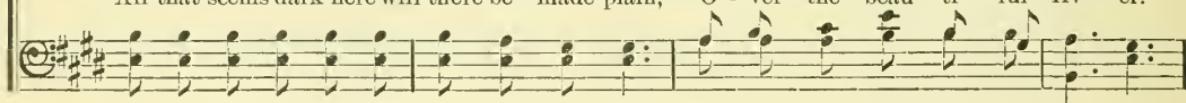
J. H. FILLMORE.



1. Mur-mur-ing soft - ly from re-gions a - far, Come to our souls, with no dis-cords that jar,
2. An - gel - ic voic - es seem borne on the air, Sweet - ly they sing of the man-sions so fair,
3. Friends have pass'd over and left us a - lone, Sad - ly we grieve'd when be-rest of our own,
4. Joy will there ban-ish the mem - 'ry of pain, Loss - es will turn in - to measure- less gain,



Prom- ise of plea- sure that pain can - not mar, O - ver the beau - ti - ful riv - er.
 Wait- ing our com- ing, when free from earth's care, O - ver the beau - ti - ful riv - er.
 There we will join them a - round the white throne, O - ver the beau - ti - ful riv - er.
 All that seems dark here will there be made plain, O - ver the beau - ti - ful riv - er.



CHORUS.



O - - over the riv - - er, O - - over the riv - - er,
 O - ver the riv - er, the riv - er, O - ver the beau-ti - ful riv - - er,



O - - - ver the riv - - er, O - ver the beau - ti - ful riv - er.
 O - ver the riv - er, the riv - er. O - ver the beau - ti - ful riv - er.

LITTLE HEARTS AND HANDS.

J. H. F.

For Little Children.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Lit- tle hearts can love the Saviour, Lit- tle hearts, lit- tle hearts ; Lit- tle hearts can love the Saviour With af- fection pure.
2. Lit- tle hands can do His bid-ding, Lit- tle hands, lit- tle hands ; Lit- tle hands can do His bid-ding With a ten-der grace.
3. Lit- tle feet can find the pathway, Lit- tle feet, lit- tle feet ; Lit- tle feet can find the path-way, Lead- ing up to heav'n.

CHORUS.

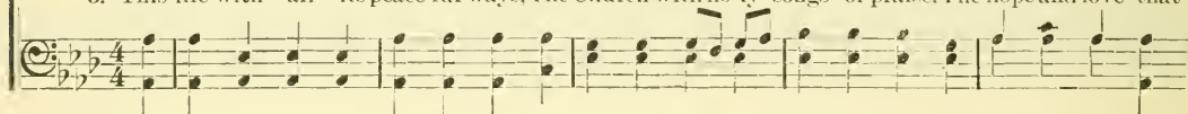
Sav - iour, Sav - iour, Sav - iour bless Thy lit - tle chil - dren, Sav - iour, Sav - iour, Bless Thy lit - tle lambs.

HOW MUCH I OWE.

J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. O Lord how much I owe to Thee, For all Thy tender love to me, For what I am and
 2. My home, my friends my brethren dear, And all that fills my heart with cheer, The faith and hope, to
 3. This life with all its peace-ful ways, The Church with ho-ly songs of praise, The hope and love that



CHORUS.



hope to be, No tongue can ev - er tell. } No words can ev - er show How
 calm my fear Has come, O Lord, from Thee. } No words can ev - er show
 crown my days, The Lord has giv - en me. }



much to Thee I owe (I owe,) No heart on earth can ev - er know How great Thy love to me.



CHRIST OUR KING.

GRACE GLENN.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

47

1. Je - sus is the children's King, His joy- ous prais- es we will sing. He has left His
 2. We will make no vain de - lay, But seek Him ear - ly on our way. He the children's
 3. Man - sions bright for us to share, Hedwells in glo - ry to pre - pare. He will come for

CHORUS.

word our guide To bring us safe - ly to His side. }
 faith - ful Friend Will love us ev - er to the end. } We're com-ing 'sound the strain,
 us a - gain, In end - less life with Him to reign! }

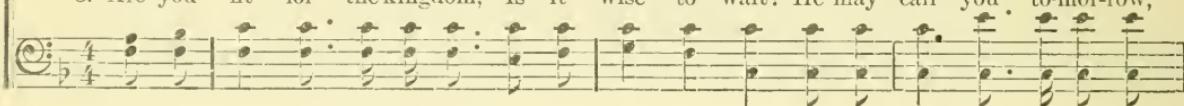
We're com-ing, sing a - gain, Loud the joy-ful cho - rus ring, Children come to Christ their King.

ARE YOU FIT FOR THE KINGDOM.

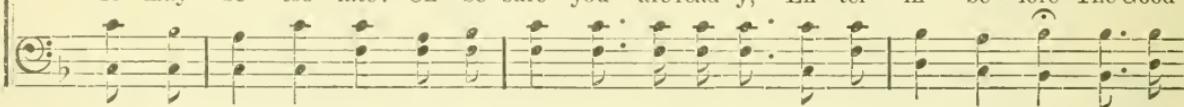
T. C. O'KANE.



1. Are you fit for the kingdom, Is your heart all right? Should He call you to-mor-row,
2. Are you fit for the kingdom, Are you free from sin, Are you washed in the fountain,
3. Are you fit for the kingdom, Is it wise to wait? He may call you to-mor-row,



Could you bear His sight? Oh be sure you are read-y, 'Twere a fear- ful plight, To be
 Are you clean with-in? Are you sure of your pardon, Are your gar-ments white, Are you
 It may be too late! Oh be sure you are read-y, En- ter in be- fore The Good



called to the kingdom, And your heart not right. }
 fit for the kingdom, Is your heart all right? } Are you fit for the kingdom, For the golden crown,
 Mas - ter hath ris - en And hath shut the door! }



ARE YOU FIT FOR THE KINGDOM. Concluded.

49

SAVIOUR, TEACH ME.

C. M. VON WEBER.

1 Saviour! teach me day by day,
Love's sweet lessons to obey;
Sweeter lessons cannot be:
Loving Him who first loved me.

2 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace;
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

3 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing till His face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

4

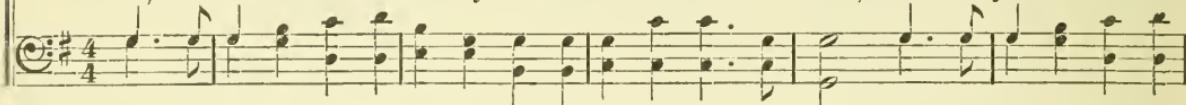
O THE MUSIC OVER THERE!

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES.

FRED A. and J. H. FILLMORE.



1. Oh, the mu-sic o-ver yon-der In the ha-ven of the blest! How the saints will pause in
2. Where the healing streams are flowing, Where the tree of life is seen; Where the sil-v'ry sands are
3. Where the sav'd u-nite in praising Christ, the Lamb, for sin-ners slain; From the depths their souls up-
4. Oh, I love to tell the sto-ry E-ven in this world of care; But in yon-der realms of

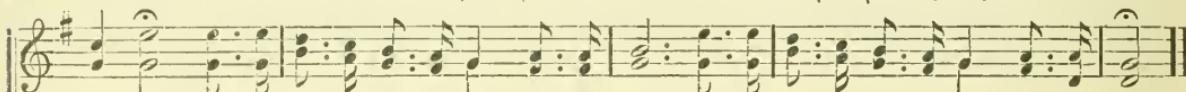


CHORUS.

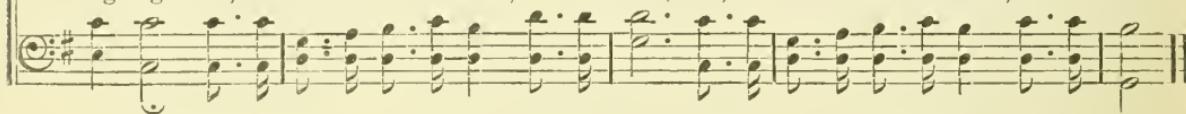


won-der As they en-ter in - to rest!
 glowing, And the fields are always green. }
 - rais-ing -Spotless garments theirs again. }
 glo - ry Sweet-er far to sing it there!

Saints rejoic-ing! an-gels sing-ing! Victors shouting! bells a-



- ring-ing! Oh, the mu-sic o-ver there, o-ver there, Oh, the mu-sic o-ver there, o-ver there.



AS WE GO MARCHING HOME.

51

LAWRENCE W. SCOTT.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. The bells of heav'n are ring - ing, The bells of heav'n are ring - ing, As we go marching
 2. The light of heav'n is shin - ing, The light of heav'n is shin - ing, As we go marching
 3. The harps of heav'n are play - ing, The harps of heav'n are play - ing, As we go marching

home, As we go march-ing home. The bells of heav'n are ring - ing, The
 home, As we go march-ing home. The light of heav'n is shin - ing, The
 home, As we go march-ing home. The harps of heav'n are play - ing, The

choirs of heav'n are sing - ing, The pearl - y gates are swing-ing, As we go marching home.
 shade of night's de - clin - ing, The clouds have sil - ver lin - ing, As we go marching home.
 heirs of heav'n are pray - ing, To God their homage pay - ing, As we go marching home.

NEVER BE DISCOURAGED.



1. Nev-er be dis-cour-aged, trust the Father's word, In the time of tri - al let his voice be heard;
2. Nev-er be dis-cour-aged, if a - long our way Disappointments meet us, tempting us to stray;
3. Nev-er be dis-cour-aged,pa-tient - ly en-dure, God doth oft-en test us—tri-als make us pure;



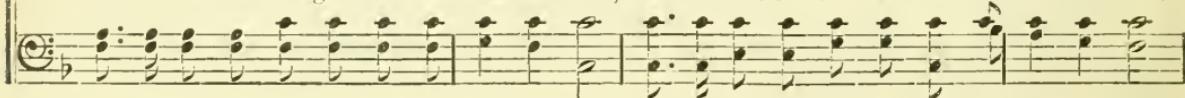
Trusting in His promise, tho' the wait-ing long, He will sure-ly bless us—praise Him with a song.
 Close-ly cling to Je - sus, ask Him for His grace, In His words of comfort find a rest-ing place.
 Soon will come the reaping, then with joy we'll sing, Praise the Lord of harvest, praise the heavenly King.



CHORUS.



Praise Him, trust the Father's word, Praise Him, let His voice be heard,
 Nev-er be dis-couraged trust the Father's word, In the time of tri - al let His voice be heard,



NEVER BE DISCOURAGED. Concluded.

A musical score for a hymn. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The lyrics are: "Praise Him, tho' the waiting long, Praise Him, praise Him with a song. Trust-ing in His promise tho' the waiting long, He will sure-ly bless us, praise Him with a song." The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

GENTLY HE LEADS US.

FRONIA SMITH.
DUET.

J. H. FILLMORE.

A musical score for a duet, featuring two staves of music. The music is in 2/4 time and consists of 16 measures. The notes are primarily eighth and sixteenth notes, with some quarter notes and rests. The score is written on a single page with a light blue background.

1. Je-sus is the Friend to trust, As in doubt we go, Knowing not the path to take, Trav'ling here below.
2. All our many troubles here, Love like his can soothe, Ev'ry rough place in our path, He will gently smooth.
3. If we heed His gentle call, Trusting in His love, He will bring us safe at last, To that home above.

CHORUS.

Gent- ly will He lead us on, In the heav'ly way, Till we reach the happy home, Where the angels stay.

A musical score for a two-part composition. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in common time. The key signature is one flat. The music consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth note patterns, with occasional rests and a fermata over a note in the bass staff.

STAND FOR THE RIGHT.

D. B. TOWNER.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK.



1. Sol - diers of Je - sus, His cross we bear, For truth and for right all tri - als dare;
 2. Proud - ly our ban - ner we bear on high, The con - test we seek is draw - ing nigh;
 3. Ev - er uphold - ing the cause we love, Our trust in the pow'r of God a - bove,



Clad in the ar - mor of faith we come, We're marching to Zi - on our home.
 Je - sus is lead - ing our arm - y on, The vic - to - ry soon will be won.
 Look - ing to Je - sus, our Sav - iour, King, This cho - rus we joy - ful - ly sing.



CHORUS.

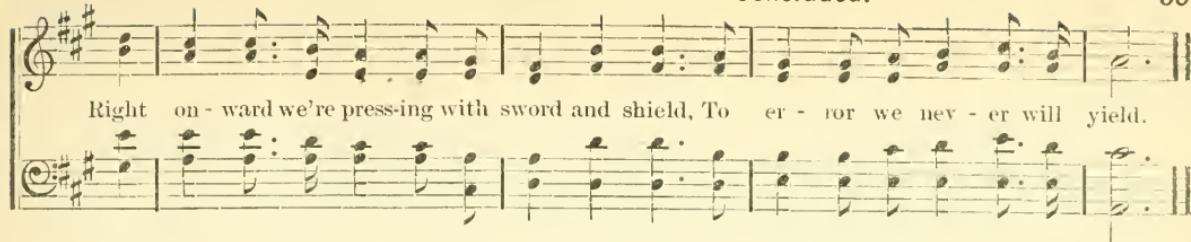


Stand for the right! this our watchword shall ring, Valiant soldiers of a might - y King, (a King.)



STAND FOR THE RIGHT. Concluded.

55



Right on - ward we're pressing with sword and shield, To er - ror we nev - er will yield.

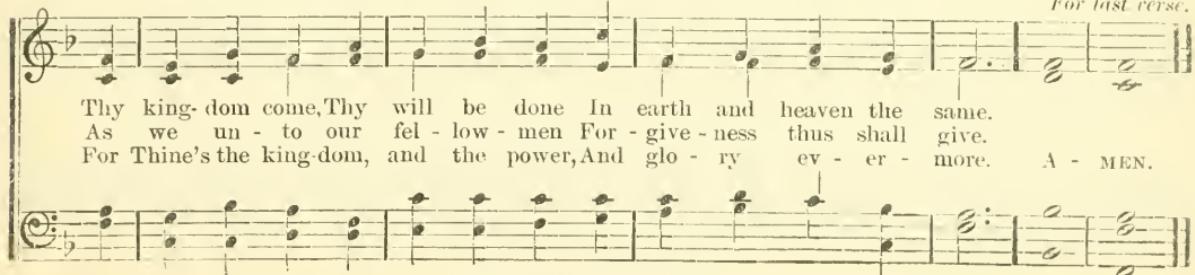
THE LORD'S PRAYER.

MARY FARNHAM.

J. H. FILLMORE.



For last verse.



Copyright, 1890, by Fillmore Bros.

COME TO THE FEAST.

A. C. HOPKINS.



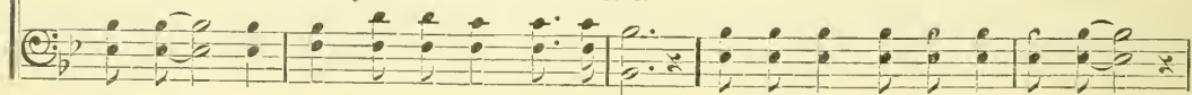
1. Come, for the banquet is wait-ing, The Mas-ter invites you to-day, The Sav-iour is call-ing my
2. Come, oh ye hungry and starv-ing, The beggar shall eat with the king, The poor-est shall sit at the
3. Come, though your garments are ragged, The Master a robe will provide, 'Tis whit-er than snow and 'tis
4. Come, though yoursins are as scarlet, The Saviour will freely for-give, You may not be liv-ing to-



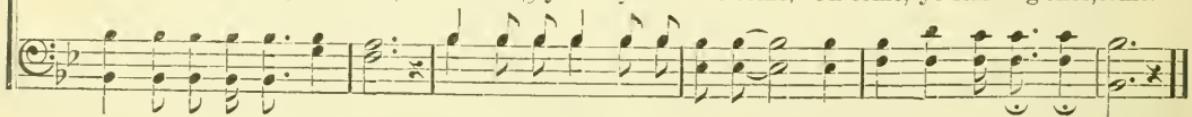
CHORUS.



broth-er, And can you make long-er 'de- lay?
 ta - ble, No mon - ey nor gift need you bring. }
 spot - less, 'Twas washed in His blood when He died. } Je - sus is lov-ing - ly call - ing,
 - mor - row, Oh heed you the sum-mons and live.



All things are ready, oh come, Come hungry souls you are welcome, Oh come, ye starving ones, come.



THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

57



1. God for-bid that I should glo-ry In the work of hu-man hands, I will on - ly trust the shadow
2. In a thirs-ty land and wea-ry Stands a Great Rock, firm, se-cure, From its shadow flows a fountain
3. All for me that Rock was broken, All for me its wa-ters flowed, All for me the cross was lifted,



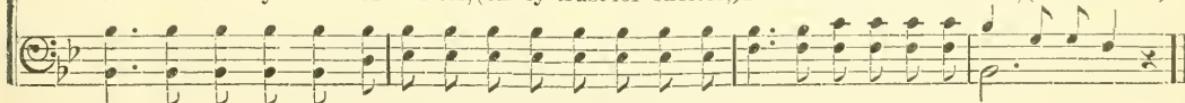
CHORUS.



Where the Cross of Jesus stands.
 Full of healing waters pure. } In the shadow of the cross, (of the cross.) In the shadow of the cross, (of the cross.)
 All for me Christ shed His blood. }



I will on - ly trust for shelter, (on - ly trust for shelter,) In the shadow of the cross, (of the cross.)



BEAUTIFUL LAND ON HIGH.

J. H. F.

For Little Children.

J. H. FILLMORE.

S.

1. Our Saviour bids us come To the beau - ti - ful land on high ; He's promis'd us a home, In the
 2. Oh, we shall happy be, In the beau - ti - ful land on high ; From sin and sor - row free, In the
 3. Our lov'd ones with us there, In the beau - ti - ful land on high ; Our hap - pi - ness shall share In the
 4. No partings ev - er come To the beau - ti - ful land on high ; To mar the peace of home In the

CHORUS.

beau - ti - ful land on high. Beau - ti - ful land, beau - ti - ful land, Beau - ti - ful land of

D.S.

glo - ry, Beau - ti - ful land, beau - ti - ful land, Beau - ti - ful land on high, {
 1. Our
 2. Oh,
 3. Our
 4. No

MOVE FORWARD.

59

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES.

J. H. FILLMORE.



1. Move for-ward, soldiers of the cross, Move forward, tho' you suf - fer loss; Lo ! Sa-tan's hosts a -
 2. Move for-ward, there is much to do, By will-ing sol-diers, good and true; With shield of faith and
 3. Move for-ward, you shall win the fight, For God is with the cause of right; While trusting in His



CHORUS.



round you stand, In Je - sus' name go take the land. } Move for - ward, for - ward,
 sword in hand, Go brave-ly forth to take the land. } Move forward, forward, brave-ly forward,
 prom-ise grand, You sure - ly shall pos - sess the land. } Move forward, forward, brave-ly forward,



Bold - ly march a - gainst the foe ; For - ward, for - ward, For - ward gó.
 For-ward, for-ward, bravely for-ward, Bravely forward go.



AT THE FOUNTAIN.

J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. A wan - der - er wea - ry o'er the toil-some way, I long for fountains pure and sweet,
 2. Oh long have I groaned beneath my load of care, A pil - grim in a stranger land,
 3. I called till the sun-set in the gold - en west, Be - tok - ened day-light near its close,



I seek in the shade of El- im's cool - ing palms, To find a safe and calm re - treat.
 I cried for a friend who would my burden share, Yet no one reached a help - ing hand.
 A soft whis - per said, "Oh come to Me and rest," In Me thy soul shall find re - pose."



CHORUS.



I would lin - ger, I would lin - ger, At the fount - ain pure and cool and
 I would linger, I would linger,



sweet, I would linger, I would linger, In the love of Christ is rest complete.
cool and sweet, I would linger, I would linger,

HE LIVES FOR YOU AND ME.

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN.

JAMES HOLMES.

1. Oh I am glad because I live, Christ is my Redeem-er, His par-don full do I re-ceive,
2. Oh come and on His strength believe, Christ the mighty Saviour, The Truth the Life are His to give,
3. Tell all the world the wondrous joy, Found in Christ the Saviour, The peace in Him has no al-loy.
D.S.—He conquered death to make us free.

Je - sus rose for me.
Come and taste and see.
Je - sus lives for thee.
{ Christ of Cal - va - ry, He died for you, He died for me,
lives for you and me.

MY PRESENCE SHALL GO WITH THEE.

R. T. W.

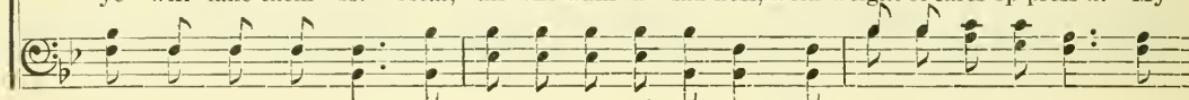
R. T. WILEY.



1. When Is-rael's no - ble lead- er Was pleading with the Lord, That He would lead them onward, And
 2. 'Tis so with all who trust Him, And bring to Him their cares; He gives them balm for trouble, Their
 3. Hear, all ye wea- ry toil- ers, Whose burdens bend you low; These words are for your comfort, If



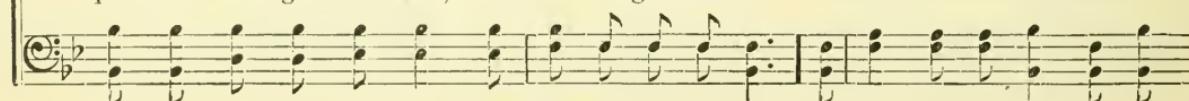
un - to them af - ford A to - ken of His pres-ence, This prom-ise calm'd his breast: "My
 hea - vy bur - dens bears. His spir - it whis - pers to them These words of promise blest: "My
 ye will take them so. Hear, all who walk in sad-ness, With weight of cares op-press'd: "My

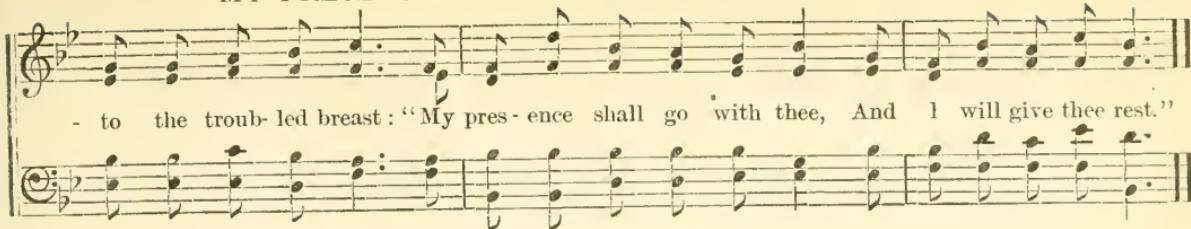


CHORUS.



pres- ence shall go with thee, And I will give thee rest." Oh ! words of sweet com- fort Un -





Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES.

O THE MEETINGS!

J. H. FILLMORE.



1. Oh, the meetings! Oh, the greetings! O - ver in the summer land Where our dearest, who were nearest,
2. They are waiting, watching, waiting, O - ver on the golden shore; We shall meet them, we shall greet them
3. Home su-per-nal, joys e - ter-nal, Just be - yond the roll-ing tide; No more sighing, no more dy - ing,

All thro' Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus.



FINE. CHORUS.

D.S.



Nev- er give the parting hand.
 When the storms of life are o'er. } All thro' Je-sus, all thro' Je-sus, We shall meet our own a - gain.
 Where the ransom'd ones a-bide.
 Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name!



THE BLESSED ROCK OF AGES.

FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. My feet were in the mir - y clay Un - til my Sav - iour came this way; They're
 2. No more up - on the sink - ing sand, The storms may rage on ev - 'ry hand, I'm
 3. Oh, sure foun - da - tion for my feet, While dread - ful storms a - round me beat; I'll
 4. Oh, shel - ter for the tem - pest-tried, Oh, bless - ed cleft where - in to hide, In

CHORUS.

safe up-on the Rock to-day, The bless-ed Rock of A - ges.
 not a-fraid, where now I stand Up- on the Rock of A - ges. } O, rest - ful Rock of A - ges,
 cling to Thee, thou ref-uge sweet—Thou blessed Rock of A - ges.
 Thee, in Thee will I a-bide—Thou blessed Rock of A - ges.

O peaceful Rock of A- ges

Out of the miry clay, Upon the Rock to-day; The blessed Rock of A - ges.

LEAD US ON.

Mrs. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN.

65

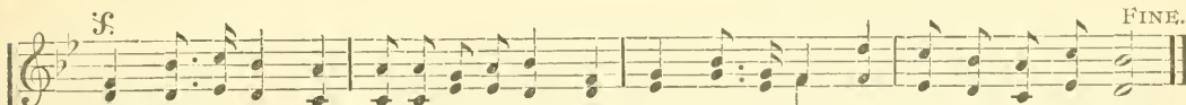
J. H. ROSECRANS.



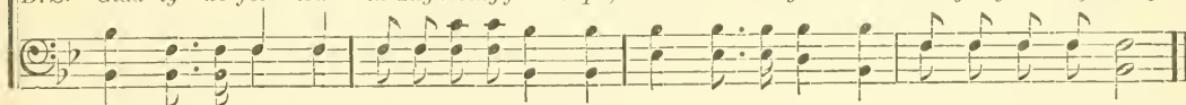
1. Guide us Je-ho-valh thou art strong and able, Keep us from wand'ring in the wilds a-stray;
2. Keep us from dan-ger, keep us from temptation, And from whatev-er might Thy chil-dren harm.
3. Save us, our Fa-ther, death is all about us, Walk-ing at noon-day, steal-ing thro' the night,



FINE.



Paths there are man-y, we are young and feeble, Lead us in safe-ty in the nar-row way.
 When sor-row com-eth, let Thy peace sustain us, Close-ly a-bout us clasp Thy lov-ing arms.
 We are so help-less, all our strength is weakness, On-ly we trust Thee, save us by Thy might.
 D.S.—Glad-ly we fol-low in Thy loving foot-steps; Lead us and guide us all life's jour-ney through.



CHORUS.

D.S.



Lead us on, lead us on, By Thy tender mer-ey, Lead us on, lead us on, Saviour kind and true.



Copyright, 1890, by Fillmore Bros.

THE GATHERING OF THE NATIONS.

FRONIA SMITH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. From east and west, from north and south That countless host shall throng. Unnumber'd as the
 2. With palms of vic-try shall they come, While marching proud and grand As free from toil they
 3. From trib- u - la - tions great they come With robes made white and fair. By wash- ing in the

CHORUS.

sea's white sands Its myr - iads pass a - long. }
 near that home With-in the prom- ised land. } Their song shall ring as loud they sing While
 pre - cious blood Of Christ their Cap - tain there. }

glad-ly marching on, They trib- ute bring to Christ the King. When cares of life are done.

WE SHALL GATHER HOME.

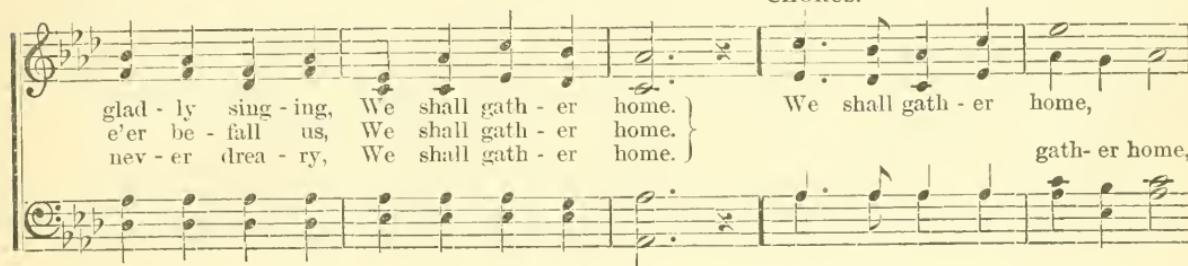
67

ETHEL M. COBB.

J. H. FILLMORE.



CHORUS.



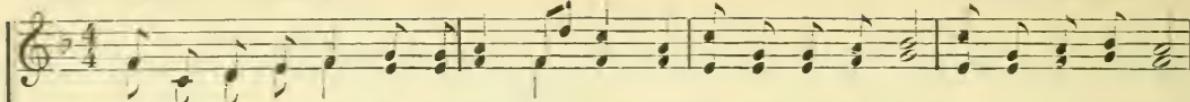
We shall gath - er home; When the bells are sweet-ly ring - ing, We shall gath-er home.
 gather home;



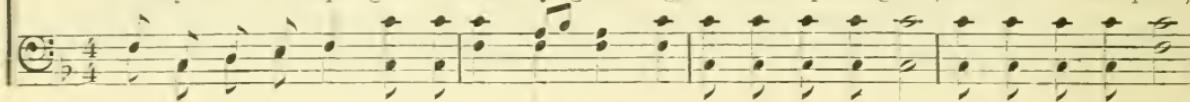
WATCH AND PRAY.

Mrs. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN.

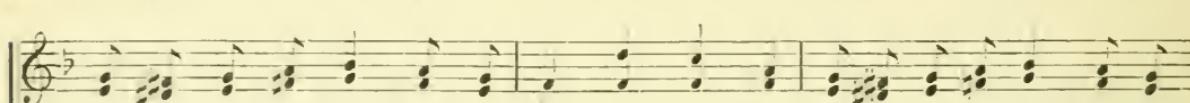
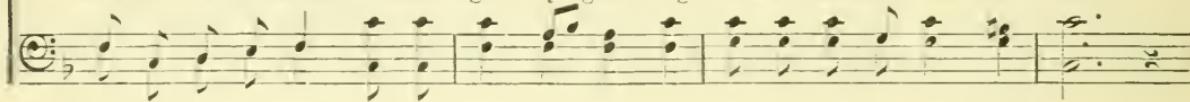
J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. Let us watch and pray, till the gloam of morn-ing, Still with faithful care, watching un - to pray'r,
2. He may come when earth from her slumber wak - eth. When the gold-en day, drives the night a - way,
3. He may come when spring is in beau - ty grow - ing, Or when ripened grain, waves on hill and plain,



Steadfast, though He give us no word of warn - ing, Watching, wait-ing, still in pray'r.
 When a hymn of praise from all na - ture break-eth. When the glad heart bows to pray.
 When the autumn woods are with glo - ry glow - ing. Or when win-ter hides his slain.



He may come when mid - night o'er earth is steal - ing. Or when day her soft tints is
 Or when heav - y clouds with their light - nings fall - ing. Rend the darkened air with their
 But what - ev - er fort - une of life be - tid - ing, There can be no dan - ger in



WATCH AND PRAY. Concluded.

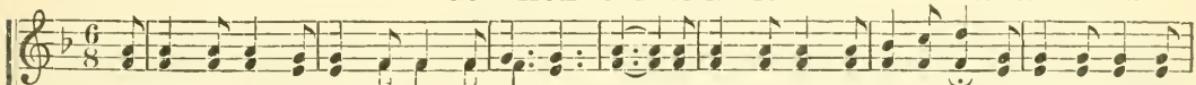
69



first re - veal - ing, We have naught to fear, if He find us here, Watchful ev - er, and in pray'r.
 thun-ders call-ing, Though His angels call, naught can us ap - pall, If we read - y watch al - way.
 love a - bid - ing, So by night or day, let us watch and pray, Waiting till He comes a - gain.

GOD HOLDS THE KEY.

J. H. FILLMORE.



- God holds the key of all unknown, And I am glad ; If oth-er hands should hold the key, Or if he trusted
- What if to-morrow's cares were here, Without its rest ? I'd rather He unlock the day, And as the doors swing
- The ver - y dim-ness of my sight Makes me se-cure ; For, groping in my misty way, I feel his hand—I



it to me, I might be sad, I might be sad.
 o - pen say, "My will is best, My will is best."
 hear Him say, "My help is sure, My help is sure."



- I cannot read His future plan,
 But this I know,
 I have the smiling of His face,
 And all the refuge of His grace,
 ||: While here below. :||
- Enough ; this covers all my want,
 And so I rest ;
 For what I cannot He can see,
 And in His care I soon shall be
 ||: Forever blest. :||

WHEN THE KING COMES IN.

A. C. HOPKINS.

CHORUS.

WHEN THE KING COMES IN. Concluded.

71

Ev - ry wed - ding guest must be rich - ly dress'd, When the King, when the King comes in.

ALL HAIL THE POWER.

EDWARD PERRONET.

O. HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name. Let an-gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
 2. Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God, Who from His al - tar call ; Ex - tol the stem of Jes- se's rod,
 3. Let ev - ry kindred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe,

And crown Him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 And crown Him Lord of all, Ex - tol the stem of Jes- se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all.
 And crown Him Lord of all, To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.

TOILING UP THE NARROW WAY.

J. H. FILLMORE.



1. Toil-ing up the nar-row way, Toil-ing on, toil-ing on, To the land of end-less day,
 2. Tho' the jour-ney may be long, Toil-ing on, toil-ing on, With a pur-pose true and strong,
 3. When we reach the pear-ly gate, Toil-ing on, toil-ing on, Where the ran-som'd for us wait,



Toil-ing on, toil-ing on; We shall neith-er faint nor fear With our
 Toil-ing on, toil-ing on; We will nev-er quail or cow'r Trust-ing
 Toil-ing on, toil-ing on; With the sav'd a-round the throne We will



Help-er al-ways near, Thought the way be dark and drear, Toil-ing on, toil-ing on.
 in our Lead-er's pow'r, To up-hold us ev-'ry hour, Toil-ing on, toil-ing on.
 praise the Ho-ly One, Who, thro' grace, has brought us home, Toil-ing on, toil-ing on.



CHORUS.



We will glad - ly sing praise to Christ our King For the bless - ings of the



jour - ney day by day, day by day, And with heart and voice in His



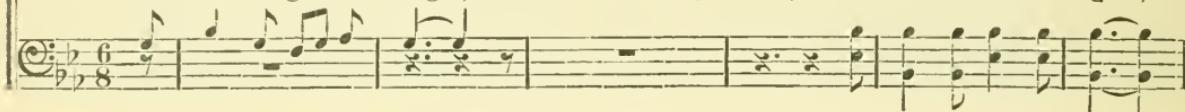
name re - joice, While we brave - ly bear the tri - als of the way, of the way.

FRONIA SMITH.

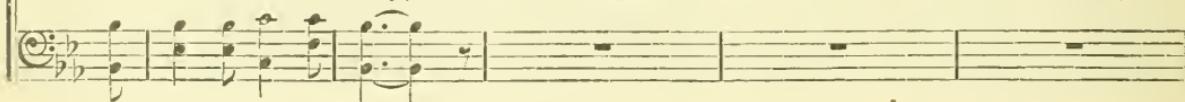
J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. In - to Thy presence blest, Dear Lord, we cheerful come; Sweet peace pervades Thy house,
 2. 'Tis here we gath-er strength, For each on-coming day; 'Tis here we ban- ish grief,



This tru - ly is our home; The bells' soft ac - cents rise and fall Up - on the air, in -
 And anx-i-ous care a - way; With hearts made glad we list the call, Of chim - ing bells, en -



- vit - ing all Thy house to seek, Thy love to share. E'er guard - ed by Thy watch- ful care.
 - treat - ing all To find sur-cease of sor - row here, And com - fort from Thy pres - ence dear.



CHIME ON SWEET BELLS. Concluded.

75

CHORUS.

Chime on, chime on, Chime on sweet bells, chime on, Chime on, chime on, Chime on sweet bells, chime on.
 Chime on, chime on, Chime on, chime on,

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

BEAUTIFUL HOPE.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. { Beau - ti - ful hope that we cher - ish, Trust that will nev- er de - cay,
 Fill - ing our souls with re - joic ing, Light-ing the heav-en-ward way.
 2. { All of the prom-ise be - liev - ing, Found in His in - fi - nite word,
 We who His grace are re - ceiv - ing, Ev - er re - joice in the Lord.
 3. { Beau - ti - ful hope that in sor - row Bringeth the measure-less calm,
 And, in the glo - ri - ous mor - row, Win-neth the crown and the palm.

REFRAIN.

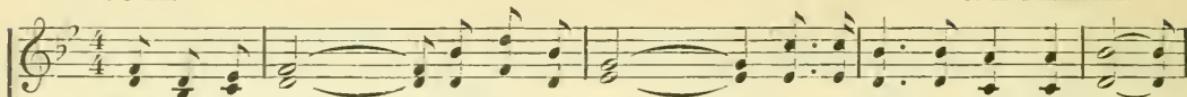
Repeat pp.

Copyright, 1886, by Fillmore Bros.

WHEN THE LORD SHALL CALL HIS OWN.

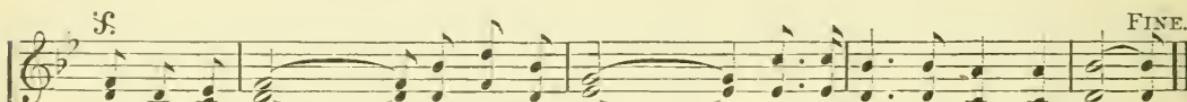
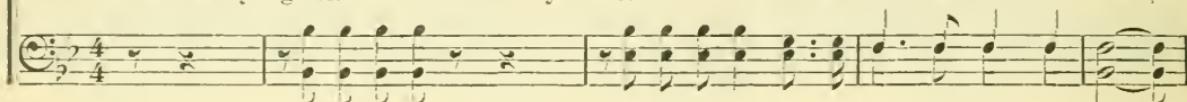
A. P. COBB.

J. H. FILLMORE.



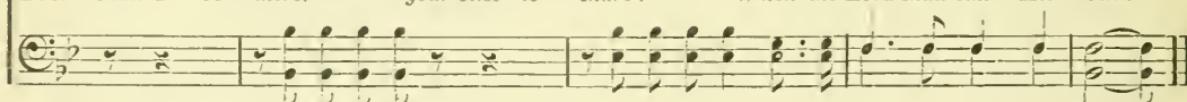
1. There is a time, a hap - py time,
 2. Like fer - tile seed each lov-ing deed.
 3. What heav'ly grace. on ev - ry face.

When the Lord shall call His own ;
 When the Lord shall call His own ;
 When the Lord shall call His own ;

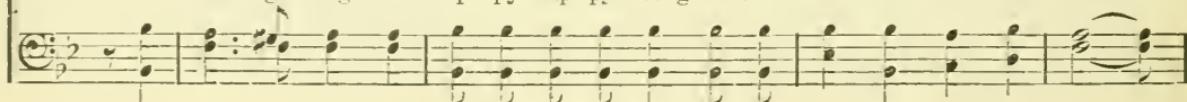


Then host shall sing. and praise their King.
 Tho' lost to view shall spring a - new.
 As to each one He says "well done,"
 D.S.—Shall I be there. your bliss to share !

When the Lord shall call His own.
 When the Lord shall call His own.
 When the Lord shall call His own.
 When the Lord shall call His own.



Oh, an - gel song ! Oh hap - py hap - py throng ! When the Lord shall call His own.



MORE AND MORE LIKE JESUS.

77

E. R. LATTA.

J. H. FILLMORE.

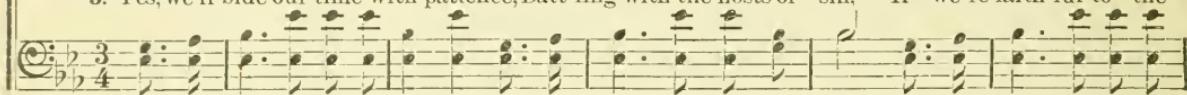
CHORUS.

WILL HE BID US ENTER IN.

D. Y. BAGBY.



1. Life is oft be-set with sorrows, Trials come on ev - ery hand, Fain would care-worn pilgrims
 2. Oft we stumble by the wayside, When tempta - tions spread a - round, Thus to lure us from our
 3. Yes, we'll bide our time with patience, Batt'ling with the hosts of sin, If we're faith-ful to the



borrow, Pleasures from the glory land, But we bide our time with patience, Waiting till our Lord shall come,
 du - ty, Sa-tan seeks to drag us down, But like serpent-bit-ten Is-rael, We can lift our trusting eyes,
 Master, He will bid us enter in. When we've passed the pearly gateway, When we've reached the glory land,



CHORUS.



Waiting till the Mas-ter bids us En - ter our e - ter - nal home. }
 To the cross of our Re- deem - er, And our home be-yond the skies. } Are we ready? Are we
 Pain and tears will all be ban- ished, By the lov - ing Fa-ther's hand. }



ready? Will we hear the welcome voice Bid us en-ter in- to glo- ry, And with ransomed souls rejoice?

TRUSTING JESUS.

FRONIA SMITH.

For Little Children.

J. H. FILLMORE.

D.C.—1. We're a band of happy children, Trusting Jesus, trusting Jesus, On the way that leads to heav-en,
 2. Zion's hill we're bravely climbing, Trusting Jesus, trusting Jesus, Guided by our glorious Captain,
 3. Naught can fright us,naught can harm us, Trusting Jesus, trusting Jesus, As we march beneath His banner,

FINE. CHORUS.

Trusting all the way. Trusting, trusting, Trusting Him to lead us safely, Trusting, trusting, Trusting all the way.

1. O Lord, Thy word to me is sweet, A lamp to guide my wayward
 2. Word af-ter word, and line on line, Thy precepts 'round my heart en-
 3. A com-fort sweet in sor-est need, A Friend of friends art Thou in -

feet, A light to shine my path a-long, And makes my heart break forth in
 twine ; A bounteous feast of liv-ing bread, My hungry soul is dai-ly
 deed, A staff of life on Thee I lean, Nor e - ven death shall come be-

CHORUS.

song. } Oh, Light of life, oh Guide Divine, With joy I place my hand in Thine,
 fed. } hand in Thine,
 tween. }

LIGHT OF LIFE. Concluded.

81

Be Thou my Guide, be Thou my Stay, And keep me in the nar - row way.
Keep me in the narrow way.

WE SCATTER SEEDS.

JOHN DEBLE.

J. H. R.

1. We scat - ter seeds with care - less hand, And dream we ne'er shall see them more; But
2. The deeds we do the words we say, In - to still air they seem to fleet ; We
3. I charge thee by the years gone by, For the love's sake of breth - ren dear, Keep

for a thousand years Their fruit ap-pears, In weeds that mar the land, Or health- ful store.
count them ev - er past ; But they shall last— And in the judgement day, We them shall meet.
thou, the one true way Thro' all thy day, Lest in that world their cry Of woe, thou hear.

From "Voice of Joy," by per.

THE LORD'S GOOD TIME IS COMING.

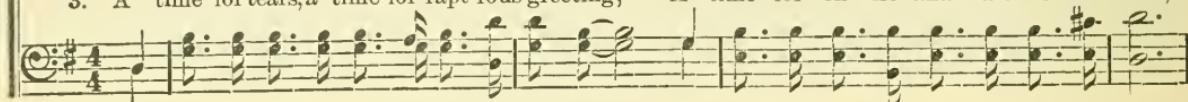
JESSIE H. BROWN.

J. H. FILLMORE.



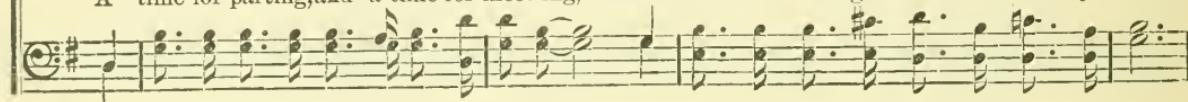
1. There is a time for waking and for sleep-ing,
 2. A time for pain, a time for shade-less pleasures,
 3. A time for tears, a time for rapt'rous greeting,

A time for war-ing and a time for peace;
 A time for shad-ows and a time for light;
 A time for ex-ile and a time for home;

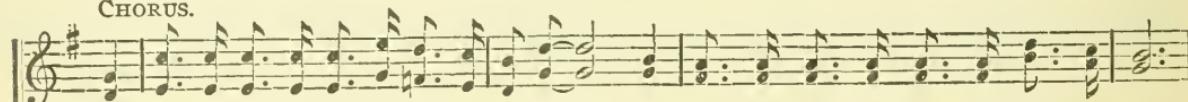


A time for sow-ing, and a time for reap-ing,
 A time to lose, a time to find our treasures,
 A time for parting, and a time for meet-ing,

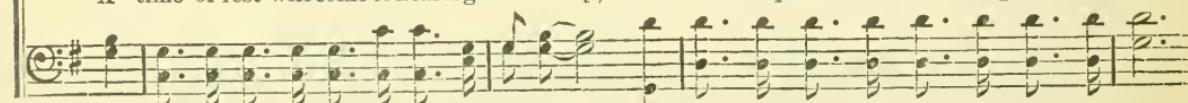
A time for toil, a time when toil must cease.
 A time for faith, a time for per-fect sight.
 Trust on! the Lord's good time will sure-ly come.



CHORUS.



A time of rest will come to hearts grown weary, A time of praise to those that grieve and sigh;



THE LORD'S GOOD TIME IS COMING. Concluded.

83



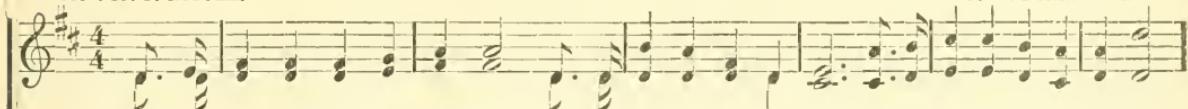
A time of joy to those whose lives are dreary, The Lord's good time is com-ing by and by.



SEND ME.

Mrs. M. J. BITTLE.

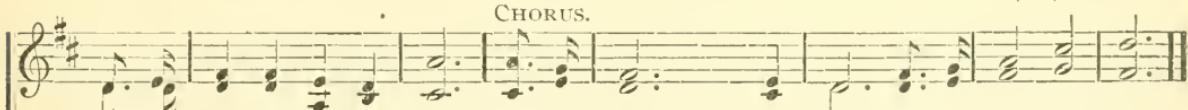
J. H. FILLMORE.



1. Master of the world's great harvest, Whitened fields all round I see; But the la-borers seem wanting,
2. To the hum-ble, sim-ple du-ties, All un-noticed tho' they be; To the sick, the poor, the dying,
3. In the highway, in the hedg-es. Where the hireling would flee, Where the sheep are torn and scattered,
4. Should the way be full of dan-ger, Full of sor-row tho' it be, Thou wilt help—in Thee relying,



CHORUS.



Here am I, send me, send me. Here am I, (send me), send me. Here am I, send me.

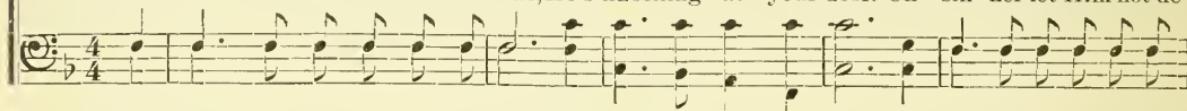


THE SAVIOUR AT THE DOOR.

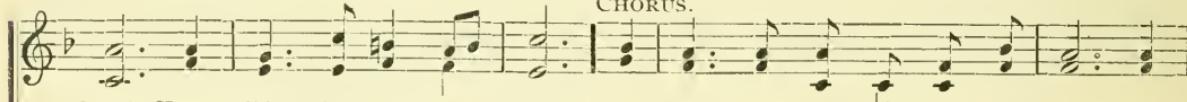
J. H. ROSECRANS.



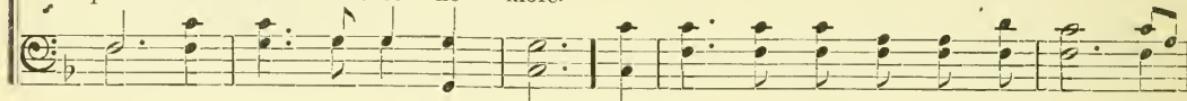
1. Be - hold the Saviour at your door Your kind-est, true - est Friend Is seeking entrance to your
2. Oh yes, the bless- ed Son of God, Tho' Lord of all a - bove, Now paus-es at your lowly
3. "If a - ny man will hear my voice And o - pen un - to me, I'll sup with him and he with
4. With hand and feet and wounded side, He's knocking at your door. Oh sin - ner let Him not de-



CHORUS.



heart, Your life with His to blend.
 door And speaks in tones of love:— } The Saviour's knock-ing at your door, And
 me, And friends for aye we'll be." }
 part! He'll call on thee no more.



ask - ing en - trance in, He's knock-ing, ask - ing o'er and o'er; Oh, o - pen un - to Him!



BEAUTIFUL HOME.

FRONIA SMITH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

85.

1. When la - deu with sorrow and worn with earth's strife, And heavy our spir- its with care,
 2. O, land of the blest, where our burdens shall fall, And rest, sweetest rest shall be ours;
 3. We're trav- el - ing on-ward 'mid storm, and 'mid shine, To en - ter that beau-ti - ful home;



D.S. How fond - ly we long for the green hills of life, The beau - ti - ful home o - ver there?
 The smile of our God giv - eth peace un - to all, And sin can - not mar the glad hours.
 We'll bask in the light of its glo - ry di - vine, No long - er our foot - steps shall roam.



REFRAIN.



IF WE WALK IN THE LIGHT.



1. If we walk in the light of our Saviour and Friend, If we walk, in the light;
2. There'll be fellowship sweet with the friends of our Lord,
3. And the song of redemption on earth shall begin, If we walk, in the light;



There are pleasures in Je - sus that nev - er can end, If we walk, in the light.
 And a bliss that earth's pleasures can nev - er af - ford,
 For the blood of our Sav - iour shall cleanse from all sin, If we walk in the light.



CHORUS.



If we walk in the light of our Sav - iour and Friend, Then our song can - not cease and our



bliss cannot end, If we walk, in the light, If we walk in the light of God.

If we walk, in the light.

MILTON.

LET US WITH A JOYFUL MIND.

ARR. from MOZART.

1. Let us with a joy- ful mind, Praise the Lord, for He is kind, For His mercies shall endure,

2. Let us sound His name a-broad, For of gods He is the God, Who by wisdom did cre-ate,

3. All His creatures God doth feed, His full hand sup- plies their need; Let us therefore carol forth,

Repeat pp.

Ev - er faith-ful, ev - er sure.

Heav'n's expanse and all its state.

His high ma - jes - ty and worth.

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

O THE HOME OF THE SOUL.

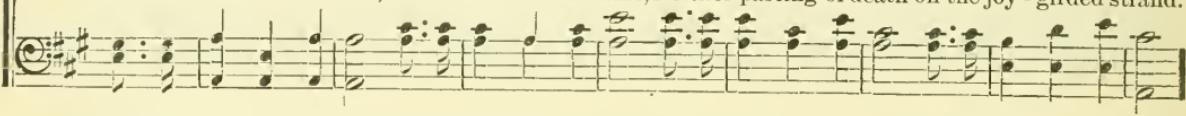
J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. Oh the home of the soul, Where the bright waters roll, Of the river of life 'mid the fair growing flow'rs.
2. All the gates stand a-jar Where the worshippers are, And the ransomed of God sound his praises a-far.
3. Come away to that land Where the safe gathered band, Praise the Lord by the work of each love-guided hand.



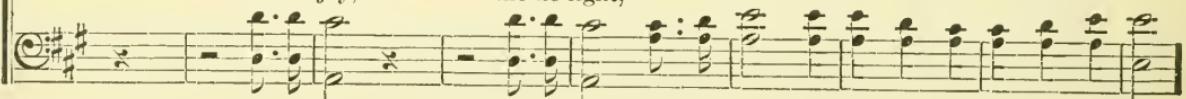
'Tis the land of the blest, 'Tis the place of my rest, And I long to be there in its calm quiet bow'rs.
 And their white garments gleam, Like a moon-lighted stream, Or the soft-falling rays of a beautiful star.
 Neither sor - row or fears, Neither sickness or tears, Neither parting or death on the joy - girded strand.



CHORUS.



Oh the joy, the de-light, Where the tree of life shall its healing leaves shed.
 Oh the joy, the de-light,



O THE HOME OF THE SOUL. Concluded.

89

Where no sun giv-eth light, For the Lamb of God is its glo - ry in-stead.
 Where no sun giveth light,

ANNIE SHEPHERD.

AROUND THE THRONE.

English.

1. A - ronnd the throne of God in heav'n Thousands of chil-dren stand ; Chil-dren whose sins are
 2. What bro't them to that world a-bove—That heav'n so bright and fair, Where all is peace and
 3. Be - cause the Sav - iour shed His blood To wash a - way their sin ; Bathed in that pure and
 4. On earth they sought the Savioni's grace, On earth they loved His name ; So now they see His

CHORUS.

all forgiv'n, A ho - ly, hap - py band,
 joy and love? How came those children there? }
 precious flood, Behold them white and clean,
 blessed face, And stand before the Lamb,

Singing glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high.

THE GLORIOUS MORNING.

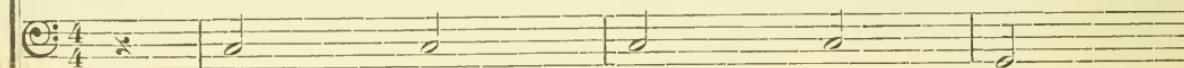
J. H. FILLMORE.

S. L. CUTHBERT.

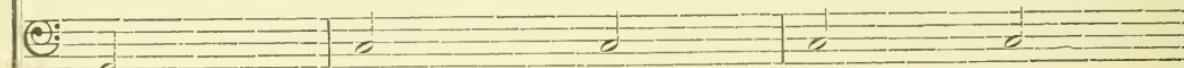
DUET.



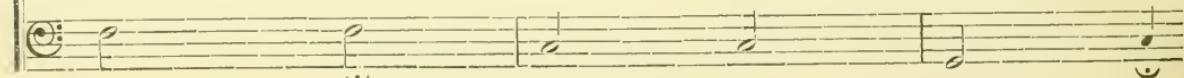
1. When the mist - y clouds a-round you Hide the sun-light from your eyes, And the dark-ness that sur -
 2. Dark-ness here! yet still a- bove you Shines the gol-den cit - y bright; On its streets are those who
 3. With His pres-ence ev - er near you, Need- ed aid and hope to bring, How His words should always



rounds you Veils the bright-ness of the skies; Then, when e'er your courage fal - ters, Hear the
 love you, Hap - py in its ra - diant light. With your Sav-iour close be - side you, Do not
 cheer you—Make your heart with joy to sing. Oh, the light of day is shin-ing Far be -



words that Je - sus said When He walk'd up- on the waters,—“It is I, be not a - fraid.”
 fear, be not dis - may'd, With His hand and voice to guide you—“It is I, be not a - fraid.”
 yond the clouds and shade; No more darkness or re - pin-ing—“It is I, be not a - fraid.”



THE GLORIOUS MORNING. Concluded.

91

CHORUS.

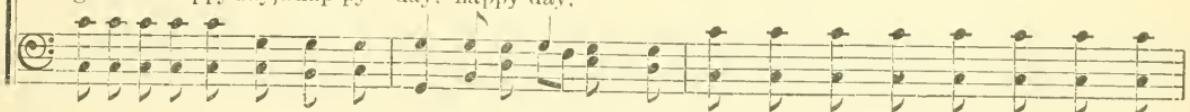


By and by, there comes the dawn - ing Of a

By and by there comes the dawn - ing, comes the dawn - ing Of a



glo - - rious, hap-py day, By and by there comes the dawn - ing Of a
glorious happy day, a hap-py day, happy day.



bright and glorious morning, When the clouds shall fade a- way, shall fade a - way, (shall fade a - way.)



THIS I KNOW.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Where-as I once was blind, but now I see, This I know, This I know. The
 2. The world that once was dark is full of light, This I know, This I know. The
 3. By faith in Christ my sins are all forgiven, This I know, This I know. The
 4. My bless-ed Sav-iour keeps me ev-ery hour, This I know, This I know. Se-

Lord has shown His mer-cy un-to me, Un-barred my pris-on door and set me free;
 day has come—a-way has rolled the night. The "path of life" is clear un-to my sight,
 sea of death is passed, the Rock is riven. I am a child of God, and heir of heaven,
 -cure am I a-against the tempter's power, I fear not roll-ing waves nor storms that lower;

My heart is full of joy as it can be. This I know, this I know.
 And all a-round is beau-ti-ful and bright. This I know, this I know.
 My heart un-to the Lord is ful-ly given. This I know, this I know.
 His ho-ly word a "sword," a "shield," a "tower." This I know, this I know.

THERE IS A BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

Arranged for this work.

J. M. HOLMES.

93



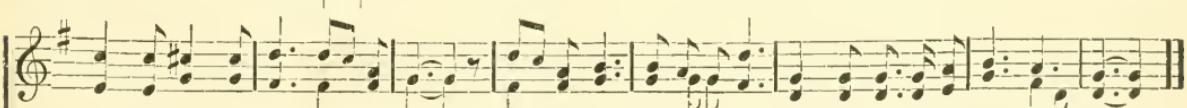
1. There is a beauti-ful world, Where saints and angel sing; A world where peace and pleasure reigns, And
2. There is a beauti-ful world, Where sorrow nev-er comes; A world where tears shall nev-er fall, In
3. There is a beauti-ful world, Unseen to mor-tal sight, And darkness nev-er en-ters there—That
4. There is a beauti-ful world, Of har-mo-ny and love; Oh! may we safe-ly en-ter there, And



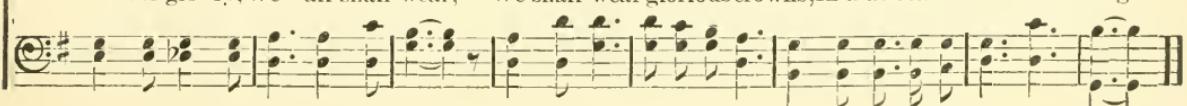
CHORUS.



heav'ny-ly prais- es ring.
 sigh- ing for our home. } We'll be there, be there Oh, yes, we'll be there, Palms of vic - to ry,
 home is fair and bright. }
 dwell with God a - bove.



crowns of glo- ry, We all shall wear; We shall wear glorious crowns, In that beautiful world on high.



MY HEAVENLY FRIEND.

J. H. FILLMORE.

IDA L. REED.



1. I have a Friend in heav - en, A faith-ful, lov - ing Friend, Whose ho - ly presence ev - er.
2. I have a Friend in heav - en, Who shar-eth all my grief, To Him I take my bur - dens,
3. I have a Friend in heav - en, A strong and mighty Friend, Whose ten-der love will ev - er



My footsteps doth at - tend. Though earthly friends for - sake me. I will not be a - lone,
 He grants my soul re - lief. His care is ev - er o'er me, He guides me day by day,
 Go with me to the end. Though earthly ties be bro - ken, I can - not be a - lone,



CHORUS.



For He is ev - er with me, And I am all His own }
 Makes straight the path be - fore me, Sheds light up - on my way. } Though earthly friends forsake me,
 For Je - sus walks be - side me, And I am all His own. }



I will not be a - lone, For Je-sus e'er is with me, And I am all His own.

THERE IS A HAPPY LAND.

A. YOUNG.

Hindostan Air.

1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a-way, Where saints in glo - ry stand, Bright, bright as day.
2. Come to that hap-py land, Come, come a-way, Why will ye doubting stand, Why still de - lay?
3. Bright in that hap-py land, Beams ev - 'ry eye, Kept by a Father's hand, Love can-not die.

Oh, how they sweetly sing, "Worthy is our Saviour King ;" Loud let His praises ring, Praise, praise for aye.
 Oh, we shall happy be, When from sin and sorrow free, Lord, we shall dwell with thee, Blest, blest for aye.
 Oh, then to glo-ry run, Be a crown and kingdom won; And bright above the sun, We'll reign for aye.

LET THEM COME TO ME.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. From far a-cross the roll-ing sea Sweet words of kindness come to me, "Of such shall heaven's kingdom
 2. We seem to hear His tender voice Bid ev'-ry longing heart rejoice Who early make the Lord their
 3. Oh, turn not youthful hearts a-way, In foolish paths of sin to stray, Let lit-tle children learn to

CHORUS.

be, Let lit-tle chil-dren come." } "Let them come to me, Trust-ing, lov-ing -
 choice Oh, let the chil-dren come ! } "Let them come to me,
 pray And un-to Je-sus come. }

ly. Ex-cept ye come as lit-tle ones, Ye can-not come to me."

Trusting, lovingly.

I WILL LIFT MY HEART.

FRONIA SMITH.

97

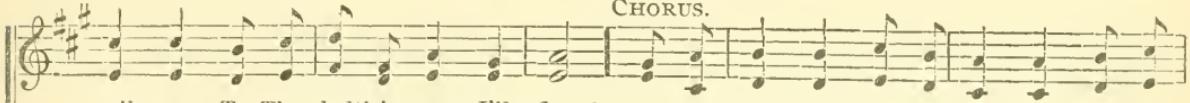
J. H. FILLMORE.



1. Night and morning, Oh, my Sav-iour! I will lift my heart to Thee, When tempta- tions dark as -
 2. Rock of ref- uge! strong Deliv'rer! Tow'r of strength when foes annoy, Present Sav- iour, when the
 3. Night and morning, Oh, my Sav-iour! Un-to Thee for help I'll come, Thou wilt hear me, Thou wilt



CHORUS.



sail me, To Thy shelt'ring arms I'll flee.
 temp- ter Would the helpless soul des- troy. } Oh, my Sav- iour! bless- ed Sav- iour! Thou didst
 save me, Thou, at last, wilt bring me home. }



bear the cross for me, Neath Thy wing se- cure- ly hide me, Till the tempest's wrath shall flee.



WE ARE LITTLE SOLDIERS.

FRED A. FILLMORE.

FRONIA SMITH.

FINE.

CHORUS.

WE ARE LITTLE SOLDIERS. Concluded.

99

D.C.

March-ing, march-ing, march-ing on our way, Sing-ing, sing-ing, Sing-ing all the day.
 March-ing, march-ing, march-ing, Sing-ing, sing-ing all the day.

MRS. JEMIMA LUKE.

THE SWEET STORY OF OLD.

English.

1. I think when I read that sweet story of old, When Je-sus was here among men,
 2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arm had been thrown around me,
 3. Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share in His love,
 4. In that beau-ti-ful place He has gone to pre-pare For all who are washed and forgiven,

How He called lit-tle chil-dren as lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.
 And that I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the lit-tle ones come un-to me."
 And if I thus earn-est-ly seek Him be-low, I shall see Him and hear Him above.
 And ma-ny dear chil-dren are gath-er-ing there—"For of such is the kingdom of heav'n."

PRESS ON.

CHORUS.

Press on, press on, The bugle notes are call-ing us to arm for fight;
Press on, press on,

Press on, press on, For vic - to - ry must ev - er crown the cause of right.
Press on, press on,

SOLO OR UNISON.

1. Our cause is need - ing all the good and true There's work enough for ev - ery one to do,
2. Each faith - ful sol - dier shall receive a crown When comes the time to lay his ar - mor down;



Oh, come and with us brave - ly take a stand To drive the foe from out the land.
His work all done, his ev - ry con - flict o'er In peace he reigns for ev - er more.



CHORUS.



Press on, press on, The bu - gle notes are calling us to arm for fight;
Press on, press on,



Press on, press on, For vic - to - ry must ev - er crown the cause of right.
Press on, press on,



A. P. COBB.

J. H. FULLMORE.

1. Have you touched the garments of the Ho - ly One? Are you washed in the soul-cleansing tide?
2. Are you walk-ing dai - ly with your Lord in view? Are you close to His dear,wounded side?
3. Are you bring-ing sin - ners to the sin-ner's Friend? Does your life tell of Je - sus who died?

Are your sins for - giv - en? Do you hope for heav - en Thro' the blood of the Christ cru - ci - fied?
Do you love your Sav - iour? Do you seek God's fa - vor Thro' the blood of the Christ cru - ci - fied?
Do you have the Spir - it? Do you peace in - her - it Thro' the blood of the Christ cru - ci - fied?

CHORUS.

Are your sins for - giv- en? Do you hope for heav- en Thro' the blood of the Christ cru- ci-fied?

THOU ART MY SHEPHERD.

M. E. THALHEIMER.

J. CRAMER.

1. Thou art my Shepherd, Car-ing for all my need, Thy lit - tle lamb to feed, Trusting Thee still.
 2. If Thou wilt guide me, Gladly I'll go with Thee: No harm can come to me, Holding Thy hand.

In the green pastures low, Where living waters flow, Safe by Thy side I go, Fear-ing no ill.
 And soon my weary feet, Safe in the golden street, Where all who love Thee meet, Redeemed shall stand.



1. Lone in the gar-den they laid Him, Low in the tomb, darkness and gloom; Think of the ones who be-
 2. Wounded for sin and transgression. Bear- ing our pain, cru - el- ly slain; Come and make humble con-
 3. Empty the tomb where they laid Him. Brok-en the seal, bruised but to heal. Sundered the bands that de-
 4. Bright glows the place where they laid Him, Make Him your choice, gladly rejoice.—Be not as those who be-

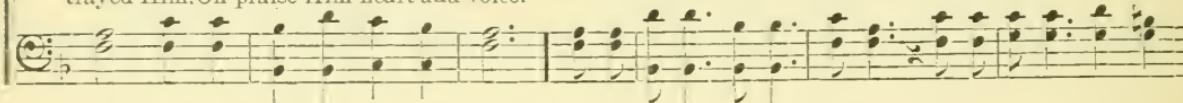


CHORUS.



- trayed Him, And mourn their fearful doom.
 - fes - sion. Nor pierce your Lord a - gain.
 - layed Him. Go thou the truth re - veal.
 - trayed Him. Oh praise Him heart and voice.

He is ris-en, ris-en, ris-en, He is ris-en from the



dead. He has burst the gloom of Cal - va - ry's tomb, He is risen, our lov - ing Head.

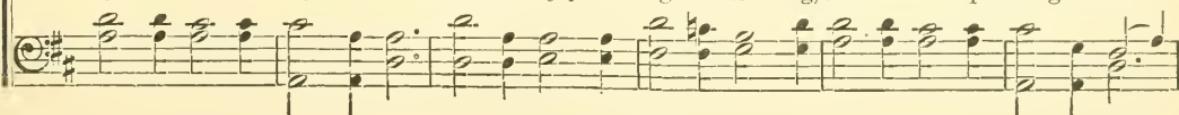
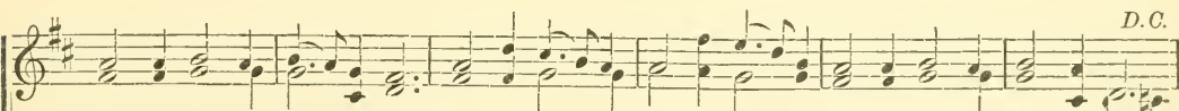


FOR ME HE CARETH.

HORATIUS BONAR.

105

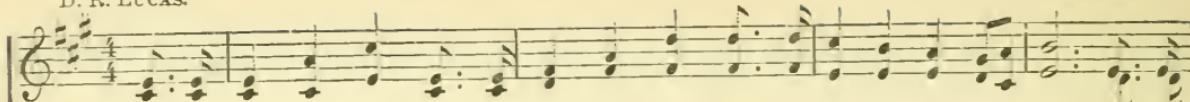
J. H. FILLMORE.



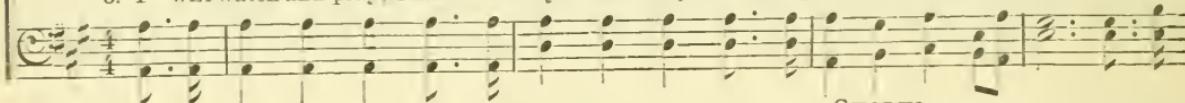
GLORY TO HIS NAME.

D. R. LUCAS.

J. H. ROSECRANS.



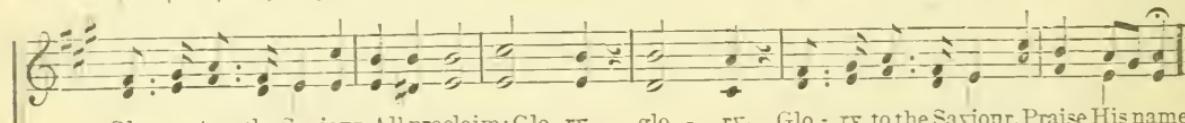
1. I will toil for Thee, For in love to me. Thou didst bear the cross of shame; I will
 2. I will work to-day, Thy commands o-bey. Do-ing all Thy will de-mands; In the
 3. I will watch and pray, That I may not stray From the path that Thou hast giv'n, All Thy



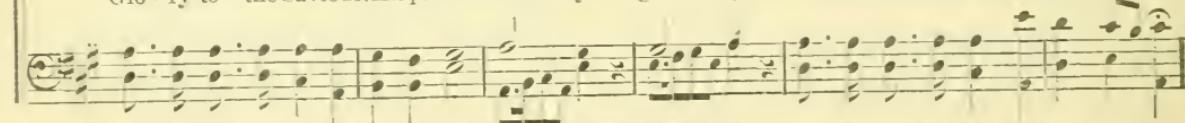
CHORUS.



praise my Lord, And will keep His word. Singing glo-ry to His name.
 sunny hours. Gather fruits and flow'rs, Praising Thee with heart and hands. Glo - ry, glo - ry,
 ho - ly will. In my life ful - fill, As I jour-ney home to heav'n.



Glo - ry to the Saviour, All proclaim: Glo - ry. glo - ry, Glo - ry to the Saviour, Praise His name.



PROCLAIM THE TIDINGS.

107

FRONIA SMITH.

SOLO. *Andante resoluto.*

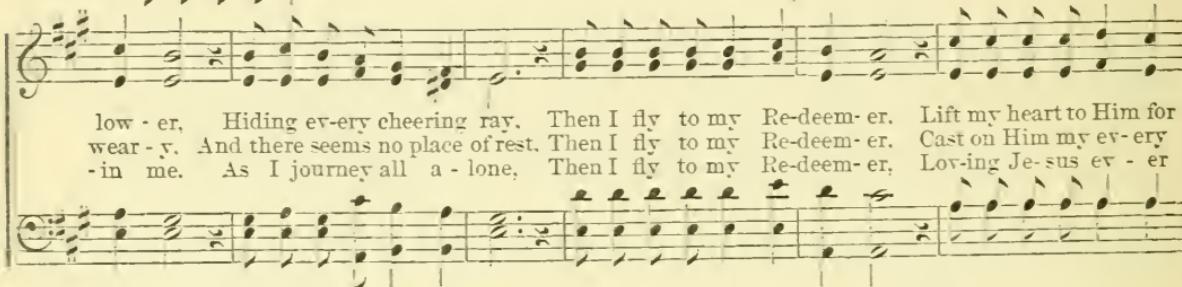
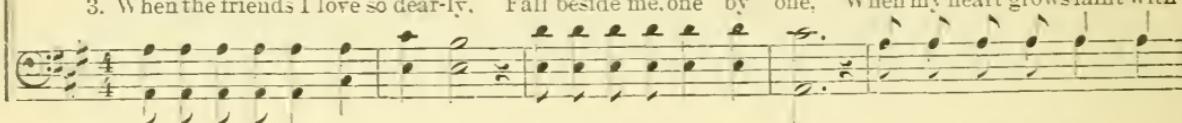
J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Pro- claim the tid- ings near and far, Go, tell the bless- ed sto - ry; The grave has giv - en
2. The Lord is ris - en, Oh, re- joice Ye hearts grown sad and wear - y; Let songs of glad-ness
3. Death has no sting for those who love This ris- en Lord to fol - low ; A- cross their hearts the

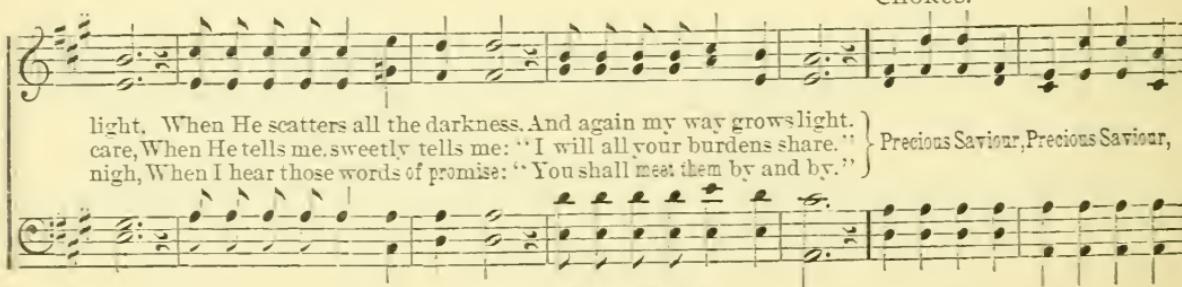
CHORUS. *Allegretto.*

up its dead—The Lord of Life and Glo - ry. Sing glo - ry, glo - ry,
 swell each voice That bears that won-drous sto - ry.
 gloom - y grave Throws not its gloom - y shad - ow. Sing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry,

Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, Sing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah.
 Sing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry,



CHORUS.





Loving Saviour, tender Friend! He shall comfort, soothe, uphold me, Till this toilsome life shall end.



HE KNOWS IT ALL.

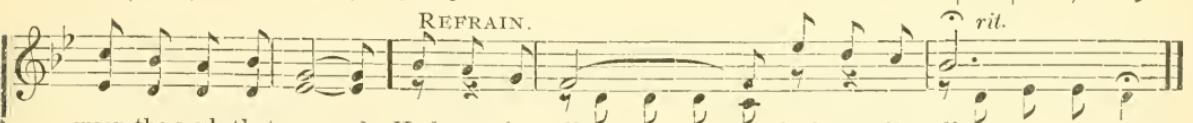
FRED A. FILLMORE.



1. He knows the bit-ter, wear-y way, The end-less striv-ing day by day, The souls that
 2. He knows how hard the fight has been, The clouds that come our lives between, The wounds the
 3. He knows, Oh thought so full of bliss! For tho' on earth our joys we miss, We still can



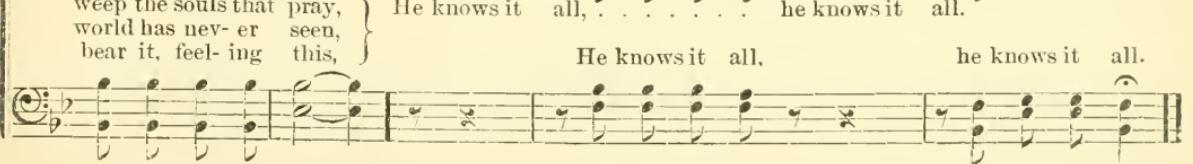
REFRAIN.



weep the souls that pray, } He knows it all, he knows it all.
 world has nev-er seen, }
 bear it, feel- ing this, }

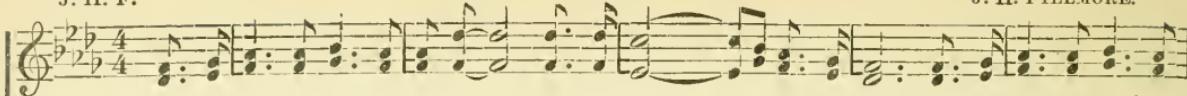
He knows it all.

he knows it all.



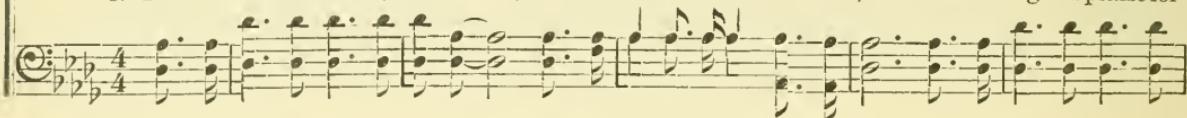
WE SHALL MEET BEYOND THE RIVER.

J. H. FILLMORE.

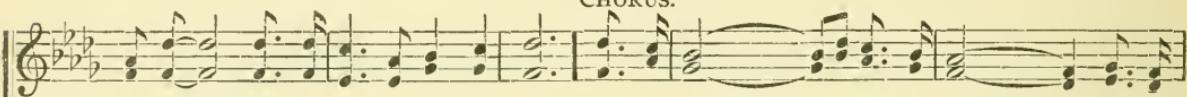


1. We shall meet beyond the riv-er, We shall meet,
2. We shall join the heavenly chorus, When we meet,
3. Thro' the love of Christ, our Saviour, We shall meet,

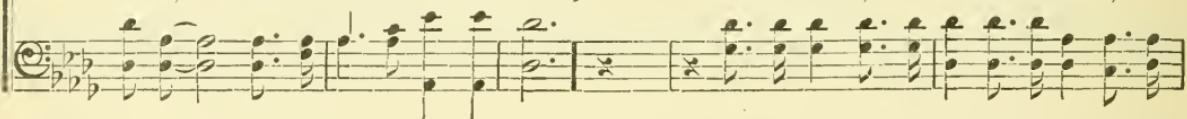
we shall meet; Where no change of time can
when we meet; With the loved ones gone be-
we shall meet; Where we'll sing His praise for



CHORUS.



sev- er, We shall meet each other there. } We shall meet, we shall meet, We shall
- fore us, When we meet each other there. } We shall meet, we shall meet,
- ev - er, When we meet each other there. }



meet beyond the riv-er, We shall meet, we shall meet, We shall meet each other there.
We shall meet, we shall meet,



HAVE YOU FOUND JESUS?

IDA L. REED.

111

J. H. ROSECRANS.



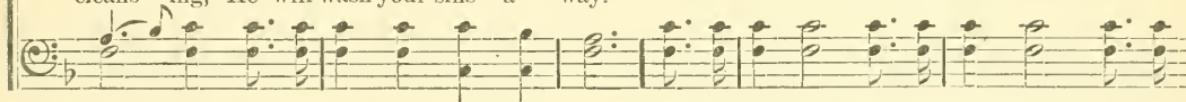
1. Have you found that Friend and Sav-iour Who has died your soul to save? Who o'er sin and death tri-
2. Do you bring to Him your bur - dens? He will help you all to share, Heard you not His in - vi-
3. He will help you bear your sor - rows, Well He knows your every grief, He has borne them all be-
4. Trust in Him, your on - ly Sav - iour; Give to Him your heart to - day, And, within the fount of



CHORUS.



- umph - ant, Passed the por-tals of the grave?
 - ta - tion, "Cast on me your ev - ery care"? } Have you found Him, do you know Him, Do you
 - fore you And will send your soul re - lief. } cleans - ing, He will wash your sins a - way.



rest with - in His love? Are you looking on-ward, up-ward, To His promised home a - bove?



UNSEEN BUT HEARD.

T. C. O'KANE.

Earnestly.

1. If we on - ly sought to bright - en Ev - 'ry path - way dark with care,
 2. If we on - ly strive to cher - ish Ev - 'ry pure and ho - ly thought,
 3. If we on - ly did our du - ty, Think - ing not what it might cost,

CHORUS.



If we on - ly tried to lighten All the burdens others bear, We should hear the an - gels singing,
 Till within our hearts should perish All that is with evil fraught, We should hear the an - gels singing,
 Then the earth would wear new beauty Like to that in Eden lost, We should hear, should hear the angels singing,



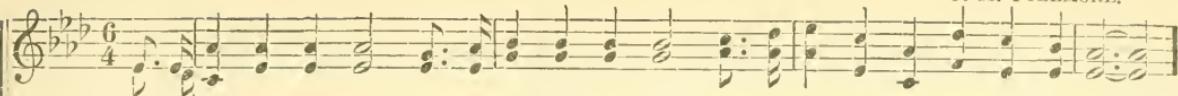
All a-round us night and day,..... We should feel them gent- ly wing- ing, At our side their up-ward way.
 All a - round, a-round us night and day,

JESUS KNOCKS AT THE DOOR.

A. P. COBB.

113

J. H. FILLMORE.



1. Lo, a Friend near thee now! Fair as morn is the brow That with cru-el thorns rude-ly was press'd ;
2. 'Tis thy Saviour and mine, 'Tis Mes- si - ah di-vine, Who endea- vors thy spir - it to win ;
3. Hark! He knocks at the door, Wouldst thou sorrow no more? Then on Jesus, Thy Sav-iour be - lieve ;
4. Je- sus knocks at the door, Haste thee! tarry no more, Lest His Spir - it cease striving with thine ;



FINE.



Full of grace is each word—Mortal nev- er has heard Sweeter words than to thee are ad-dress'd.
 Wilt thou not humbly say, "Je-sus, I will o - bey! Come, and en- ter, and reign Thou within."
 Hear the mes-sage so sweet, Cast thy-self at His feet, And thy gracious Re- deem-er re- ceive.
 Full of mer - cy is He Who with-out waits for Thee; O - pen wide! 'tis thy Saviour and mine.
 glad trib- ute bring, While the hea-vens shall ring With the notes of re - deption's new song.

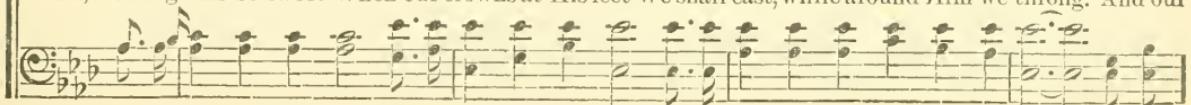


CHORUS.

D.S.



Oh, the song will be sweet When our crowns at His feet We shall cast, while around Him we throng. And our



SALVATION IS FREE.

FRED A. FILLMORE.



1. Oh! I am so glad that sal-va - tion is free, And Je-sus will par-don a sin - ner like me;
 2. Oh! I am so glad that our Saviour is King And needs not the riches the wealthy would bring;
 3. Oh! I am so glad that a sin - ner may live, And share in the riches this Mon-arch can give;



He asks not for sil - ver, He asks not for gold. The poor- est may en - ter the good Shepherd's fold.
 His treas- ures are end- less—His rich - es un-told—The poor-est may share in the wealth of His fold.
 And thro' years e - ter - nal His beau - ty be-hold: Just o - ver be-yond in the cit - y of gold.



CHORUS.



Sal - va - tion is free, for you and for me, The Mas - ter has rich - es un - told;



Sal - va - tion is free, for you and for me : The poor - est may en - ter His fold.

FOLLOW ME.

J. H. F.

1. Where the bus - y crowds were thronging, By the Ga - li - le - an sea, Came a
 2. "Give up this your gold - en har - vest ; Yield it brave - ly and be free ! Give up
 3. Oh, that 'mid our toil for rich - es, Je - sus' face we too may see, And o -

lov - ing voice to Mat - thew: "Follow me, fol - low me, Fol - low me, fol - low me,
 all your toil for rich - es :
 bey His lov - ing bid - ding : fol - low me, fol - low me."

CHRIST IS MY REDEEMER.

J. H. ROSECRAWS.

SOLO OR DUET.

SEMI-CHORUS.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. From the world of want and sin, Christ is my Re - deem - er;
 2. I shall see His wounded side, Christ is my Re - deem - er;
 3. Like my Lord, once cru - ci - fied, Christ is my Re - deem - er;

He can keep me pure and clean,
 See His hands that bled and died,
 I shall wak-en sat - is - fied,

SEMI-CHORUS.

FULL CHORUS.

Christ is my Re - deem - er.
 Christ is my Re - deem - er.
 Christ is my Re - deem - er. } He has saved me by His grace, Made in heav'n for

me a place; I shall see Him face to face, Christ is my Re - deem - er.

CLOSE BY MY SIDE.

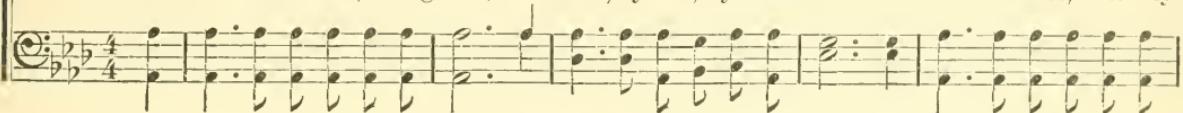
117

Mrs. A. L. DAVISON.

J. H. FILLMORE.



1. Close by my side, O ten-der love That leads me to that home a-bove ; That keeps beside me all the
 2. Thro' sun and storm, thro' joy and grief, To sorrow bringing sweet relief ; And guarding with His tender
 3. For - ev - er faithful, loving true, O Christ, my love, my life are due A - lone to Thee, most holy



CHORUS.



way, That leads me toward the per-fect day. } hand, When dan-gers thickly 'round me stand. } Close by my side, close by my side, He waits my
 Friend, Be with and keep me to the end.

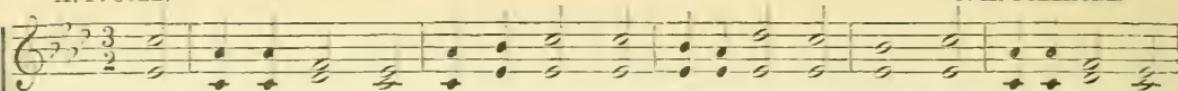


fee - ble steps to guide ; O Sav - iour still with me a - bide Close by my side, close by my side.

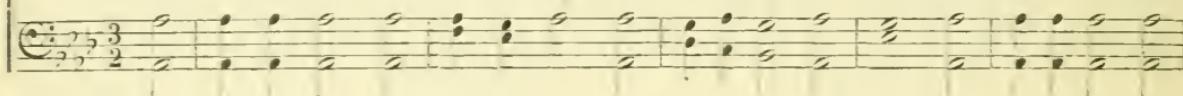


WHY SHOULD WE WEEP!

J. H. FILLMORE.



1. Why should we weep, for those who sleep, On Je-sus' lov-ing breast! Far from life's din: far
 2. Where naught alarms, where naught'er harms: Neath skies forever fair; By waters bright, in
 3. There an-gels dwell, and anthemsswell The joy that can-not cease! They know no night: God



CHORUS.



from earth's sin. In par-a-dise they rest!) robes of white. They rest se-cure-ly there!) In arms of love, in realms a-bove, God
 is their Light. No grief can mar their peace!)



gives His loved ones sleep! And those who rest on Je-sus' breast, He will se-cure-ly keep.



SONGS OF JESUS.

119

D. R. LUCAS.

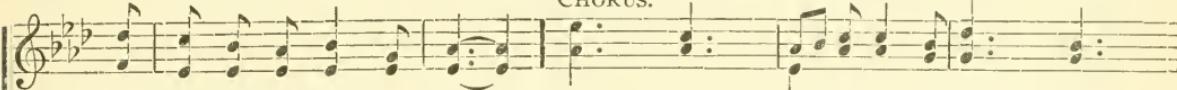
J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. How sweet are the songs of Jesus, Of ten-derest mel - o - dy, The hope of the heart to wak- en,
2. No songs like the songs of Je-sus, To lighten the weary heart, Its bur-dens of pain to les - sen,
3. Had we not the songs of Je - sus, How sad all the world would be, Our hope would be lost in darkness,
4. Then hail to the songs of Je - sus! And welcome their joyous strains, The songs of that wondrous sto-ry,



CHORUS.



Oh, sing them, yes sing for me. Sweet songs, songs of Je- sus, Sweet songs,
 Or bid them far hence de - part. }
 And life lose its mel - o - dy. }
 How Je - sus in tri - umph reigns! Beautiful, beautiful, songs of Je- sus, Beautiful, beautiful,

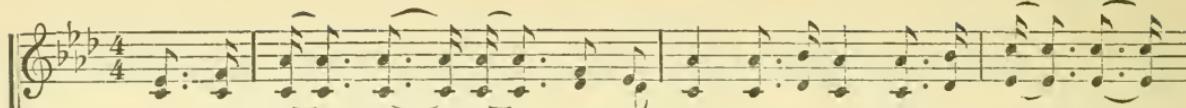


sing them to me, Sing them with the spir - it, Sing them, yes, sing for me.
 Joy-ful - ly, joy-ful - ly,



BE READY WHEN HE COMES.

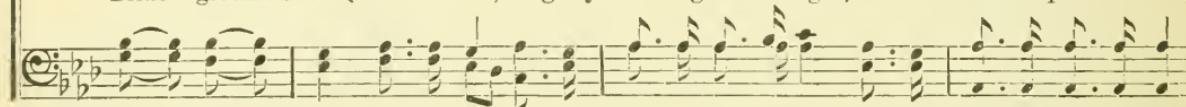
J. H. FILLMORE.



1. Are you ready for your Lord, should He come? should He come? Are you ready for His
 2. Oh, there'll be re - joicing when He comes! when He comes! If we hear Him
 3. See! the saints en - ter in when He comes! when He comes! To the wedding when the



sum - mons home? (summons home?) Does your anxious spir - it burn, His ap - pear-ing to dis-cern?
 saying: "Children come! ("Children come!") Come, ye bless - ed, en - ter in, I have cleans'd you from all sin!"
 Bride - groom comes! (when He comes!) Brightly burn-ing is each light, And in raiment spotless white,



CHORUS.



Are your ready if your Lord should come? }
 Oh, there'll be re - joicing when He comes! } Oh, be read - y for Him when He
 See! the saints en - ter in when He comes! }



comes! when He comes! Oh, be read - y for Him when He comes! Be it mid-night, be it morning,

When He gives the sol - emn warning, Oh, be read - y, be read - y when He comes!

HOW SWEET, HOW HEAVENLY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill the word;

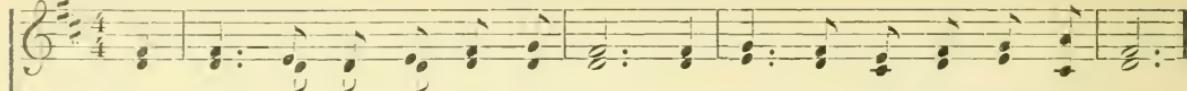
2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart;

3 When free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love.

HAIL HIM KING OF KINGS.

D. R. LUCAS.

J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. From heav'n to earth the Sav - iour came. To save us from the pow'r of sin,
2. He con - quered sin and broke its pow'r, He spot - less lived with - out a stain,
3. He rose tri - umph-ant o'er the grave Brought life, e - ter - nal life, to light,



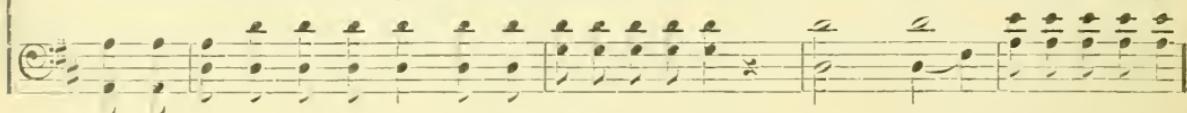
That we e - ter - nal life might claim, To Par - a - dise might en - ter in.
 Was faith - ful in each tri - al hour. Though scourged and cru - ei - fied and slain.
 And proved His lov - ing pow'r to save The soul that trusts His gra - cious might.



CHORUS.



He has brought us, His re - demption. He has brought us lib - er - ty,
 He has brought us lib - er - ty, His redemption full and free. He has brought us liberty.

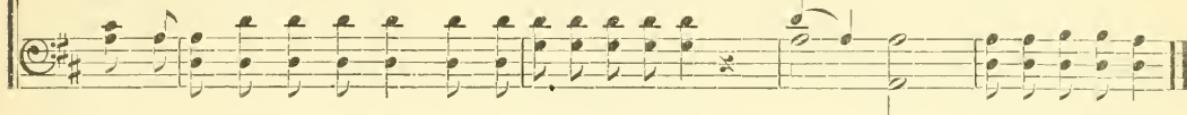


HAIL HIM KING OF KINGS. Concluded.

123



And we hail Him, Proudly hail Him, King of kings e - ter - nal - ly.
And we hail Him King of kings, Proudly hail Him King of kings, King of kings e - ter - nal - ly.



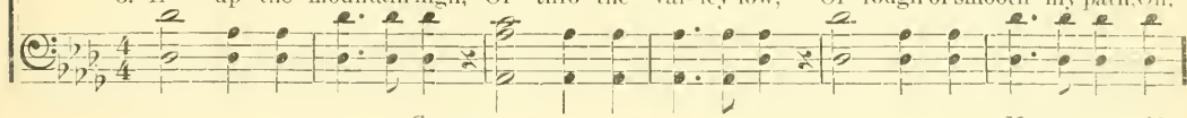
O LEAD ME.

Words arranged.

FRED A. FILLMORE.



1. Je - sus, my Sav-iour dear, Clasp Thou my hand in Thine; When lone - ly is the way, Oh,
2. Deep - er the shadowsgrow, Fiere - er the threat'ning storm; Lead me, my Sav-iour dear, Oh,
3. If up the mountain high, Or thro' the val - ley low, Or rough or smooth my path, Oh,

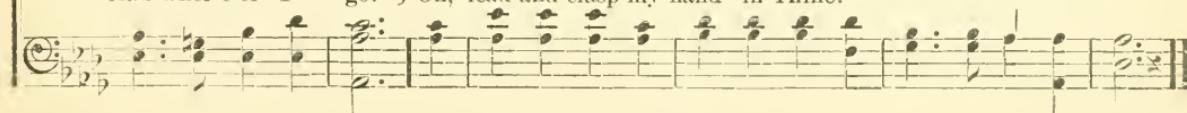


CHORUS.

May repeat softly.



give me help di - vine! } Oh, lead me, my Sav - iour! Oh, give me help di - vine!
guard me till the morn! }
lead wher-e'er I go! } Oh, lead and clasp my hand in Thine!



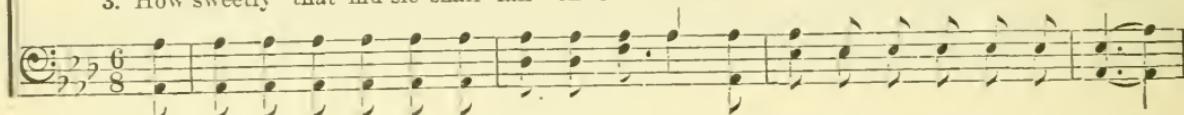
THE NEW SONG.

J. H. FILLMORE.

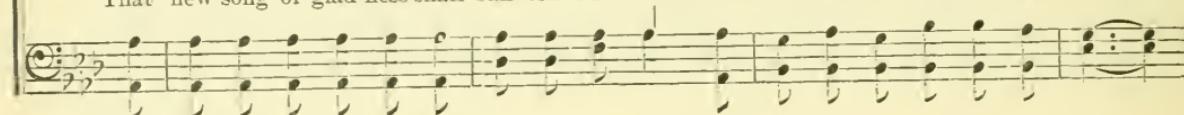
FRONIA SMITH.



1. A song we shall sing in the reg-ions of light, A song to earth's toil-ers un - known-
 2. How glad- ly our voic-es will lift that new song Of glo - ry and praise to our King,
 3. How sweetly that mu-sic shall fall on our ears! No dis-cord or sad- ness to mar,



Its meas-ures so sweet, our sad hearts will de-light, We'll sing it a - round the bright throne.
 How glad- ly our lips will its sweet notes prolong, How grand-ly that an-them will ring!
 That new song of glad-ness shall ban- ish our tears, And drive all our sor-rows a - far.



CHORUS.

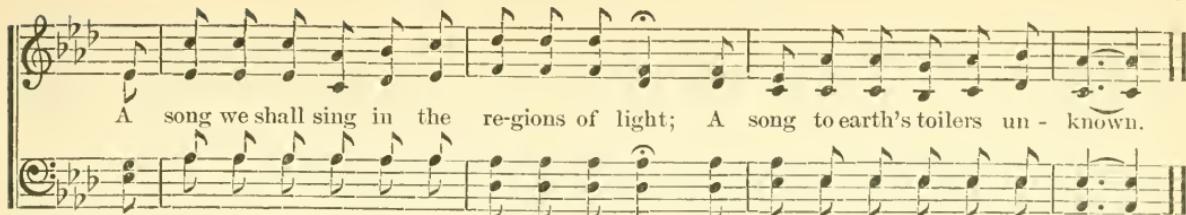


We'll sing it around the bright throne. We'll sing it around the bright throne;
 We'll sing it, we'll sing it around the bright throne. We'll sing it, we'll sing it around the bright throne;



THE NEW SONG. Concluded.

125



A song we shall sing in the re-gions of light; A song to earth's toilers un - known.

ABIDE WITH ME.

H. F. LYTE.

W. H. MONK.



1. A - bide with me, fast falls the e - ven-tide, The darkness deep-ens, Lord, with me a - bide;
 2. Swift to its close ebbs our life's lit - tle day, Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;
 3. I need Thy pres-ence ev- 'ry pass-ing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?



When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me.
 Change and de - cay in all a-round I see, Oh, Thou who changest not, a - bide with me.
 Who, like Thy-self, my gnide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord,a - bide with me.



I COME, DEAR LORD, TO THEE.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. I know not where to go, O Lord, When sor-row's clouds encompass me, But to the promise
 2. Desert-ed oft and lone-ly here, The heart with pain will o-ver-flow, But I can cast a-
 3. So I will nev-er mur-mur more, But on the Lord in faith re-ly, Un-till I cross the

CHORUS.

of Thy word. And so I come, dear Lord, to Thee. } In Thy in-spir-ing promise giv'n, That
 way all fear, And trust-ing-ly to Je-sus go. }
 Jor-dan o'er, And to Thy bless-ed mansions fly.

soon shall dawn a bright-er day, Then comes the blessed hope of heav'n, To cheer me on my upward way.

LET THY GLORY REST ON ME.

GRACE GLENN.

127

J. H. ROSECRANS.



D.C. 1. Ye are the tem-ple of the Spir - it, Time it is thy Lord to glo - ri - fy, Keeping from all that
 2. Shadows of doubting sin and sor-row, Sometimes over thee their darkness shed, Waiting the Lord's hosts
 3. In - to the gates oh bring thanksgiving, En-ter thou in- to His courts with praise, So shall His kindness



FINE. SOLO, with vocal accomp.



might de- file thee, Wondrous dwelling of the Lord Most High. } Ho-ly Spir-it, pow'r di - vine,
 move not on-ward, Till the cloud be lift - ed from thy head. } Let His smile upon thee rest,
 o'er thee hov- er, So His fav - or shall prolong thy days. } Kings and priests to God art thou,



Let Thy pu-ri - ty be mine, I Thy dwelling place would be, Let Thy glo-ry rest on me.
 Thou shalt be supremely blest; Joyful days to thee be - long, Shouts of praise and notes of song.
 Humbly then in worship bow, Prayer's sweet incense daily bring, Faith thy perfect of - fer - ing.



JEHOVAH REIGNS.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Tho' stars should fall and earth should shake,
2. Should choicest things too fleet-ing prove,
3. The Lord of heav'n, what can ap-pall?

Tho' floods should rise A faith-ful Friend What needless woe
and mountai ns have we a- on Him can

quake, Tho' suus their spheres should all for-sake— Je - ho-vah reigns. Jeho-vah
- bove; An arm to shield, a heart to love— Je - ho-vah reigns. Jeho-vah
fall? What cher-ished sin can Him en-thrall? Je - ho-vah reigns, Jeho-vah

reigns! Tho' sin and shame our hearts bewail; Right seem to sleep and jus-tice
reigns! Then tremble ye who dwell in vice, Watch ye who mourn sin's bit-ter
reigns! Let glitt'ring stars the language spell, While rock and sea and mount and

JEHOVAH REIGNS. Concluded.

129

A. P. COBB.

I'VE FOUND CHRIST A SAVIOUR.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I've found Christ a Saviour So ten - der and true, I long to reveal Him, Dear sinner to you.
2. His prom-ise is gracious, And faith- ful His word! His sweet in- vi - ta - tion, You often have heard.
3. Be-hold Him now knocking, His locks wet with dew, His voice gently pleading, Dear sinner, with you.

CHORUS.

O, why not believe Him? Believe Him? believe Him? Repent, and receive Him? Obey Him, and live?

I KNOW IT WAS HIS LOVE.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I've won - der'd oft when I've been told
2. I've won - der'd why He stoop'd so low.
3. I've won - der'd why, with all His pow'r.

How Je-sus came to die for me ; What
 The shameful cross to si - lent bear. To
 He spake no word of bit - ter ness, But

made Him leave the heav'nly fold.
 live obscure, to suf- fer woe,
 met the sad de-ri- sive hour

To suffer on the cru - el tree ?
 The odious crown of thorns to wear ?
 With pray'r to God His foes to bless ?

QUARTET.

But now I know it was His love,
But now I know, I know it was His love, 'Twas love for man so freely giv'n,
That brought Him from His home above,
His home above,

'Twas love for man so freely giv'n,
'Twas love for man, for man so freely giv'n,
He came to show the way to heav'n.
the way to heav'n.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

1 Work, for the night is coming;
Work thro' the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling;
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the day grows brighter;
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor—
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying moment
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

J. H. FILLMORE.



1. We are go-ing down the val-ley, one by one, With our faces toward the setting of the sun;
 2. We are go-ing down the val-ley, one by one, When the labors of the wea-ry day are done;
 3. We are go-ing down the val-ley, one by one, Hu-man comrade you or I will there have none,



Down the val-ley where the mournful cy- press grows, Where the stream of Death in silence onward flows.
 One by one, the cares of earth for - ev - er past. We shall stand up - on the riv - er bank at last.
 But a ten - der Hand will guide us lest we fall, Christ is go - ing down the val-ley with us all.



CHORUS.

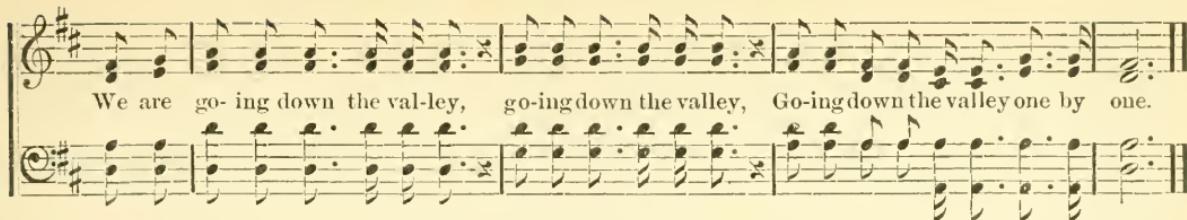


We are go - ing down the val-ley, go - ing down the val-ley Go-ing toward the setting of the sun,



GOING DOWN THE VALLEY. Concluded.

133



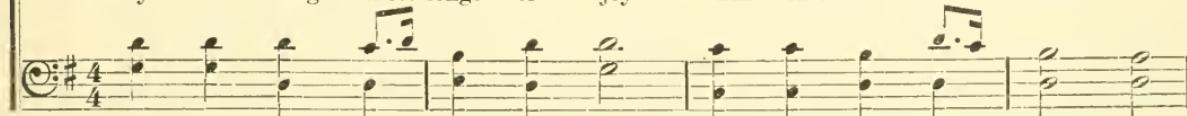
We are go-ing down the val-ley, go-ing down the valley, Go-ing down the valley one by one.

R. T. W.

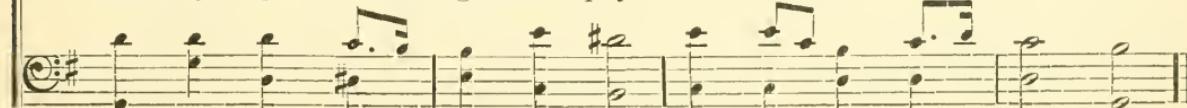
LORD ACCEPT OUR PRAISE.

R. T. WILEY.

1. Lord, ac - cept our hum - ble praise From Thy throne low bend - ing;
 2. Tune our hearts with sweet ac - cord As we raise our voic - es,
 3. In His name and through His love, Come we, glad - ly sing - ing
 4. May we sing these songs of joy Till earth ties shall sev - er!



Hear with gra - cious ear the lays From our lips as - cend - ing.
 Thus to praise the ris - en Lord, In whom earth re - joic - es.
 Songs of praise, to float a - bove, — Sweet-ly up - ward wing - ing.
 Then Thy praise our tongues em - ploy In the blest for - ev - er.



FRONIA SMITH.

FRED A. FILLMORE.

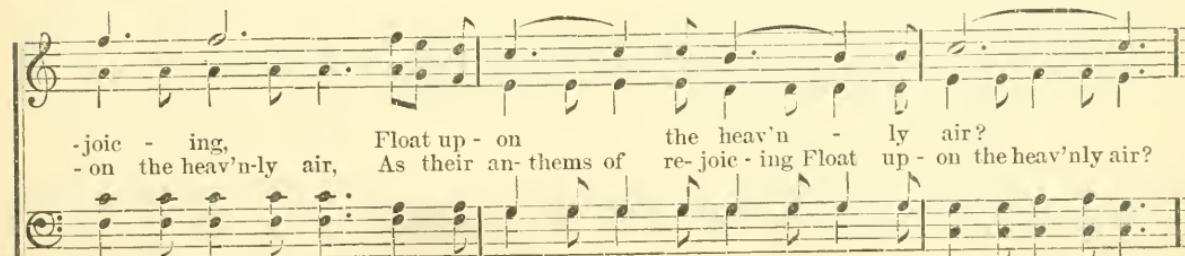
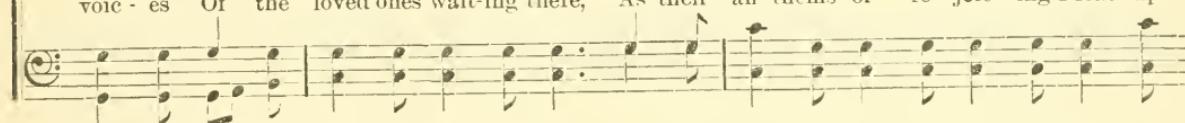
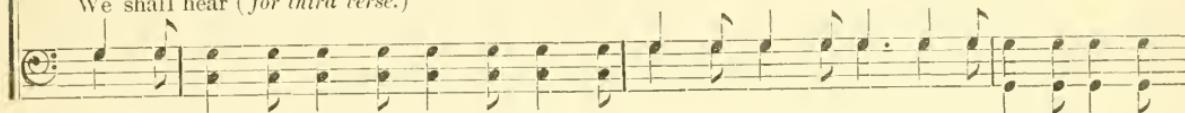
1. When we've crossed the darksome riv - er, And be - fore the gates shall stand, Waiting for the an - gel
 2. When those pearl - y gates swing o - pen, Shall we see them waiting, throng? Shall we joyfully en -
 3. Faith on ea - ger wing soars up-ward, And bright Hope her way attends, And the heart of sad and

ward - ers. To ad - mit us to that land, Shall we hear the bless - ed voic - es. Of the
 - fold them, In our arms be - rest so long? Shall we hear their ea - ger ques-tions. Of the
 lone - ly. Up-ward bourne by them, as-ends: In that fair and dis - tant coun - try, We shall

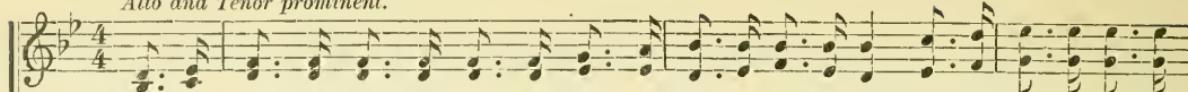
loved ones wait - ing there, As their an - thems of re - joic - ing, Float up - on the evening air?
 dear ones left a - far, In this land of gloom and shad - ows. Out be - yond the "gates ajar"?
 find our loved and own, There we'll join with them in praises, Gathered with them 'round the throne.

SHALL WE KNOW OUR LOVED ONES? Concluded.

135



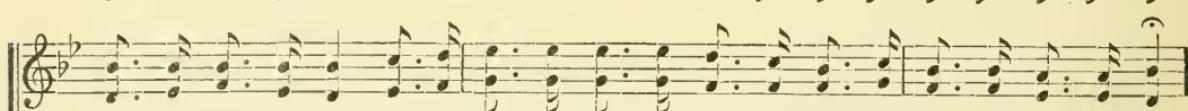
J. H. FILLMORE.

Alto and Tenor prominent.

1. There are hills be-yond the val - ley where the riv - er glideth by, Where the E - den flow'rs are
2. On those hills be-yond the riv - er is our heavenly Father's throne, And the brightness of that
3. While we walk a - long the val - ley we may sometimes gain a view Of the hills beyond the



blooming un - der - neath a cloud-less sky; There the state - ly palms are sway - ing in the
 cit - y mor - tal eye hath nev - er known; Oh, its gates are shin - ing bright - ly in the
 riv - er un - der - neath the arch- ing blue; If our foot - steps nev - er fal - ter, in the



soft and balm - y breeze; Birds of par - a - dise are sing - ing from the ev - er - ver - dant trees,
 nev - er - fad - ing day, For the sun-shine is e - ter - nal, and can nev - er pass a - way,
 path that should be trod, We may one day claim a dwell - ing in the cit - y of our God.



ON THE HILLS BEYOND THE RIVER. Concluded.

137

CHORUS.

Oh, the hills be - yond the riv - - - er, State - ly
Oh, the hills be - yond the riv - er, oh, the hills,

hills, ma - jes - tie hills; We shall rest in peace for
State - ly hills, ma - jes - tie hills, ma - jes - tie hills, We shall rest in peace for

ev - er, On those hills, en-dur - ing hills.
ev - er, on those hills, On those hills en-dur - ing hills, en-dur - ing hills.

ANDREW A. VEATCH.



And warmth and beau - ty blend and meet Har - mo - nious - ly a - round us;
 And think how fair the day must be That shines a - cross the riv - er.
 By ev - 'ry sign af - fec - tion knows. How earn - est is their lov - ing;



But bright - er vis - ions of de - light, Come o'er us as we pon - der,
 I hear the sea - son's change - ful notes, As 'round the world they wan - der,
 Then muse up - on that high - er love, Which speaks in lan - guage fond - er,

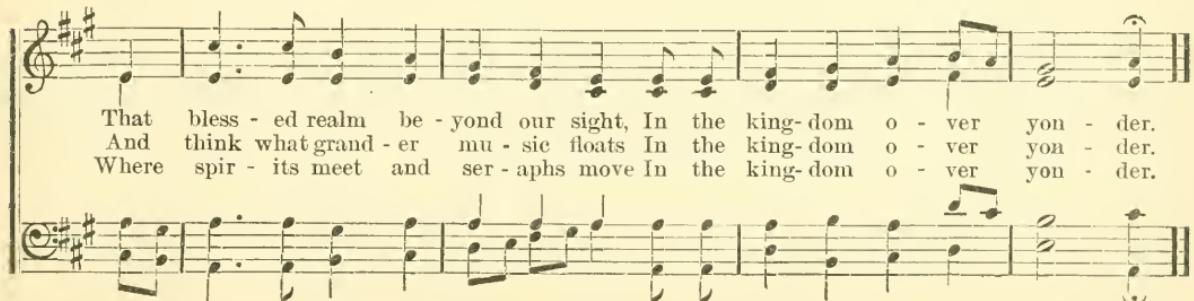
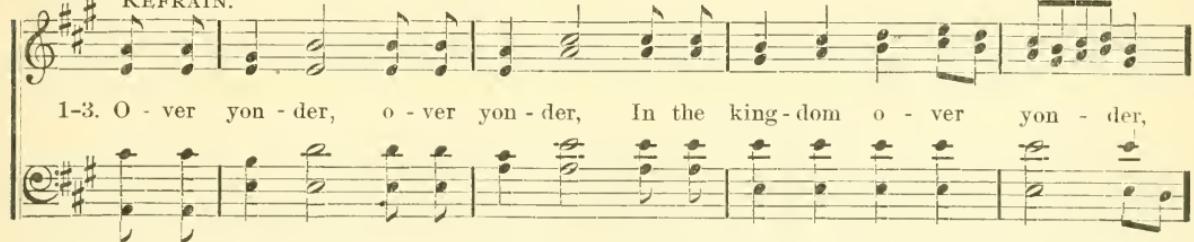


THE KINGDOM OVER YONDER. Concluded.

139

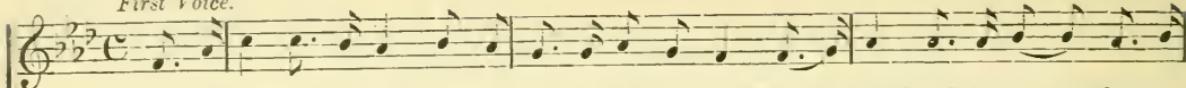


REFRAIN.

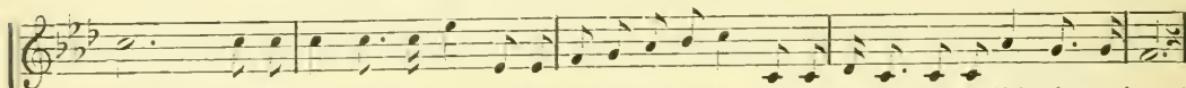
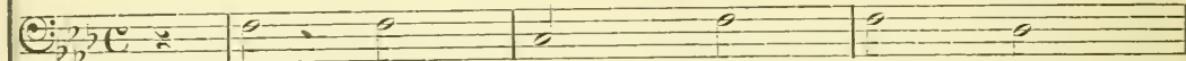


W. L. T.

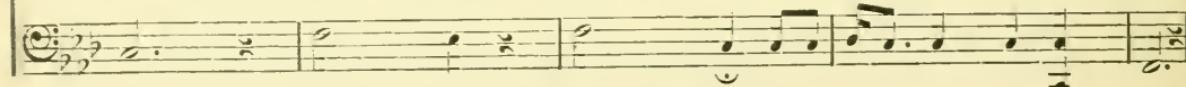
First Voice.



1. I have heard of a home far a-way a- bove the skies, Where the good and the true may hap-py
 2. But they say that the righteous shall scarcely enter there; How then shall a sin - ner like



be; I have looked thro' the stars, And I've watch'd thro' lonely hours, And I've wondered if there's room for me ?
 me? I am far, far away From the gentle Shepherd's care; Oh, I wonder if He'll make room for me ?



I WONDER IF THERE'S ROOM. Continued.

141

Second Voice.



Yes, there's room for you and for me, And there's room for the whole world be-side; The
 Yes, there's room, the call is for thee, 'Tis a grand in - vi - tation, full and free; There's



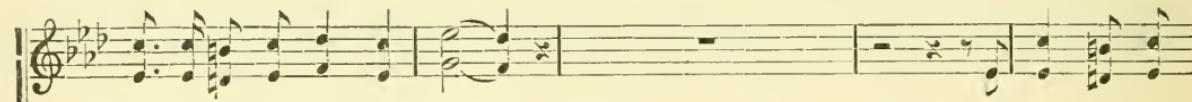
won - der - ful love of the Lord reach-es all; It gent-ly calls us now to His side.
 room for us all, If we list to His call; Yes, He's willing to make room there for thee.



CHORUS.



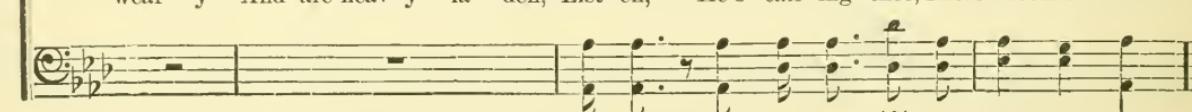
Room for you and me, And there's room for all; List-en, list-en, Hear His earn-est call:
Yes, there's room for you,



Who - so - ev - er will may come, Who - so - ev - er will may come, Come ye that are



wear - y And are heav- y la - den, List-en, He's call-ing thee, There's room for all.



GOOD-NIGHT.

143

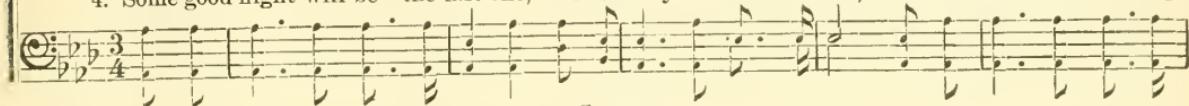
ELLA LANDER.

DUET AND CHORUS.

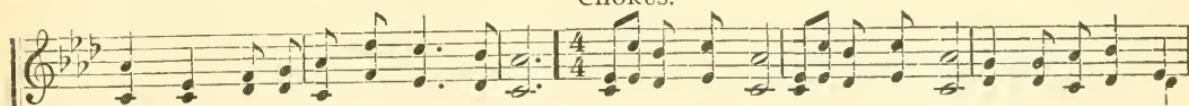
D. B. TOWNER.



1. Loving word that's night-ly whisper'd O'er each ti-ny trun- dle-bed, While a mother's ben - e -
2. When the toils of day are o - ver, Friend to friend bids soft good-night, Praying that the coming
3. Gen - tly whisper'd by the dy - ing, At the fad - ing of the day: Ent'ring in up - on the
4. Some good-night will be the last one, When our days of earth are o'er, When we reach the shin - ing



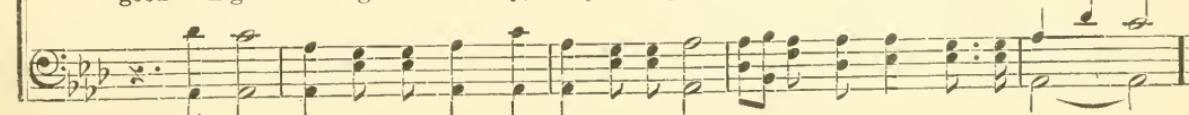
CHORUS.



die - tion Falls up-on the sleep-er's head.
 mor - row Be with heaven's bless-ing bright. }
 shin - ing Of the heav'ly light for aye. }
 por - tal And earth's twilights are no more.
 Loving good-night, tender good-night, Sweet word of parting



good - night. Parting is on - ly, on-ly for night, Meeting will come with the light, (good night.)



WHAT A MORNING THAT WILL BE.

Mrs. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

CHORUS.

What a morning that will be, Hal- le - lu - jah! What a morn - ing! what a morn - ing!
 What a morning that will be! what a morning that will be!

When our eyes the King shall see, Hal - le - lu - jah! What a morn - ing that will be!
 What a morning that will be!

SOLO, OR UNISON.

1. When all the clouds of dark-ness break, When all the dead from dust a - wake,
 2. The dreams of earth will soon be o'er. And death and sor - row come no more,
 3. No wak - ing doubts, no dark'-ning fears, No long good - bys in grief and tears,
 4. Oh, come a - way to that bright land, Be - fore the throne of God we'll stand,

And all the just His like-ness take, Oh, what a morn - ing that will be!
 When we a - wake on yon fair shore, Oh, what a morn - ing that will be!
 But joy su - preme thro' end - less years, Oh, what a morn - ing that will be!
 And sing with all the ran-somed band, Oh, what a morn - ing that will be!

FULL CHORUS.

Then, a - wake and swell the song, Halle - lu - jah! Joy-ful notes of praise prolong, Halle - lu - jah!

When we join the ransomed throng, Hal - le - lu - jah! What a day of love and peace that will be.

BENEATH THE SHADOW OF THY WING.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. My hope is in Thy promise, Lord (Thy promise, Lord), My trust in Thy un-fail-ing
 2. Tho' wave on wave of sor-row rise, (of sor-row rise), Tho' storms of woe should veil the
 3. Tho' broad the road and fair the way, (and fair the way), That tempts me from Thy care to

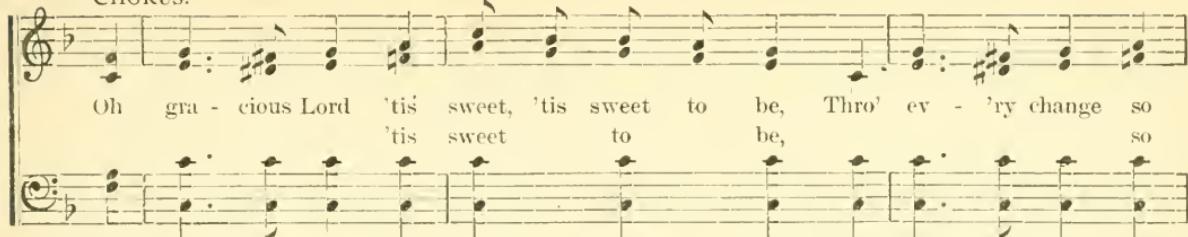
word, (un-fail-ing word), My heart in sweet con-tent will sing, (my heart will sing), Beneath the shadow
 skies, (should veil the skies), Se-cure I rest, my God, my King, (my God, my King), Beneath the shadow
 stray, (Thy care to stray), More close-ly to Thy side I'll cling, (Thy side I'll cling), Beneath the shadow

of Thy wing, (beneath Thy wing), Be-neath the shadow of Thy wing, (beneath Thy wing.)

BENEATH THE SHADOW OF THY WING. Concluded.

147

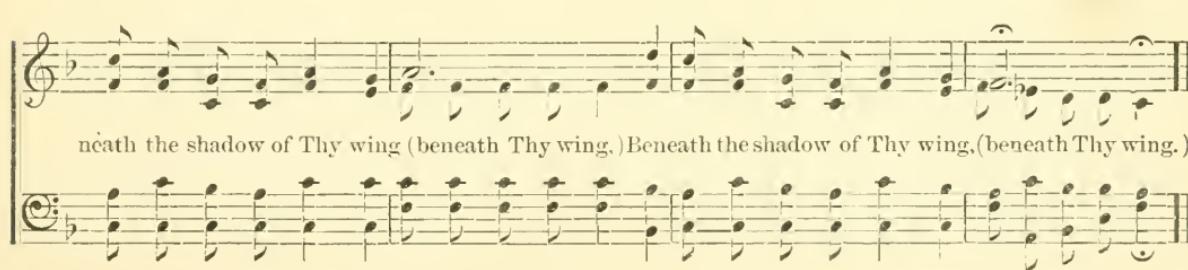
CHORUS.



Oh gra - cious Lord 'tis sweet, 'tis sweet to be, Thro' ev - 'ry change so
'tis sweet to be, so



near, so near to Thee, My heart in sweet con - tent will sing, (my heart will sing,) Be -
near to Thee,



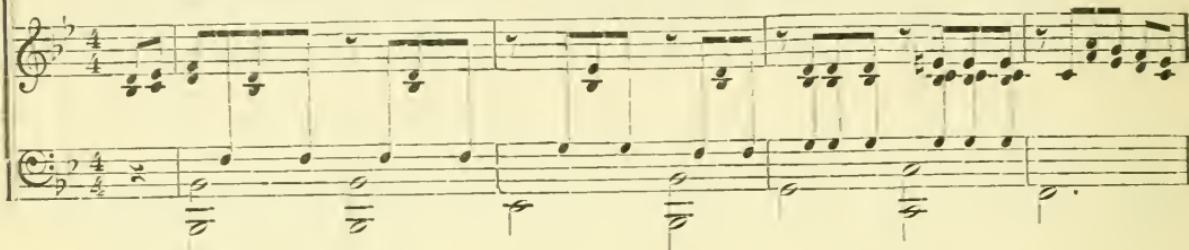
neath the shadow of Thy wing (beneath Thy wing,) Beneath the shadow of Thy wing, (beneath Thy wing,)

SWEET HOME OF REST.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

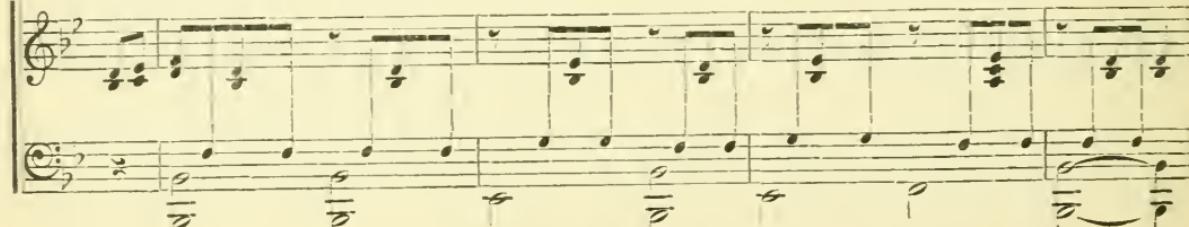
Mrs. A. L. DAVISON.
DUET or SOLO.

1. How fair are the walls of that cit - y of light. Whose streets by the ransomed are trod,
 2. And sometimes the gates of that cit - y I see. And sometimes in mel - o dy clear
 3. I list to their mu - sic, the cit - y drawsnear, The cit - y of in - fin-ite rest.



And o - ver whose beau - ty there com - eth no cloud. Whose builder and mak- er is God.
 The voie - es, whose si - lence has sad-dened my heart. Come sweetly my spir - it to cheer.
 They call me in ac - cents of ten - der - est love. They sing of the home of the blest.

Rit.



SWEET HOME OF REST. Concluded.

CHORUS.

149

0 home, (0 home,) sweet home of rest; Home of the sinless, Home of the blest, 0 home (0 home,) sweet home of rest, Home, sweet home.

FLOWER.

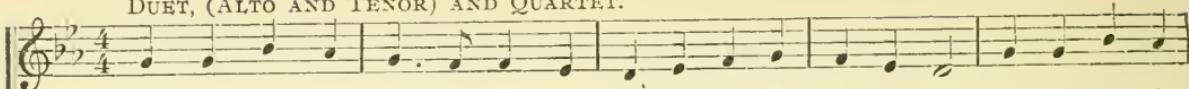
J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Steal - ing from the world a - way, We are come to seek Thy face:
 2. Yon - der stars that gild the sky Shine but with a bor - rowed light;
 3. Sun of Right - eous - ness, dis - pel All our dark - ness,doubts, and fears;

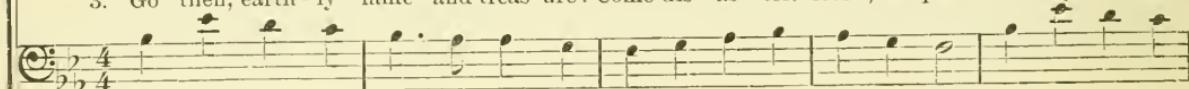
Kind - ly meet us, Lord, we pray; Grant us Thy re - viv - ing grace.
 We, un - less Thy light be nigh, Wan-der, wrapt in gloom - y night.
 May Thy light with - in us dwell, Till e - ter - nal day ap - pears.

H. F. LYTE.

DUET, (ALTO AND TENOR) AND QUARTET.



1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee ; Na - ked, poor de -
 2. Let the world de - spise and leave me. They have left my Sav - iour, too ; Hu - man hearts and
 3. Go then, earth - ly fame and treas - ure ! Come dis - as - ter, scorn, and pain ! In Thy ser - vice



cres.

dim.

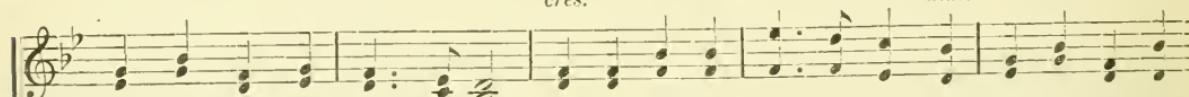


- spised, for - sak - en, Thou from hence, my all shalt be ! Per - ish, ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion,
 looks de - ceive me - Thou art not, like them, un - true ; Oh, while Thou dost smile up - on me,
 pain is pleas - ure, With Thy fa - vor, loss is gain. I have called Thee - Ab - ba, Fa - ther !



cres.

dim.



All I've sought, or hoped, or known, Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are
 God of wis - dom, love, and might, Foes may hate, and friends dis - own me, Show Thy face and
 I have stayed my heart on Thee ! Storms may howl, and clouds may gath - er, All must work for

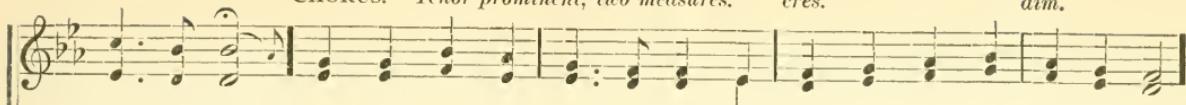


JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN. Concluded.

CHORUS. *Tenor prominent, two measures.* cres.

151

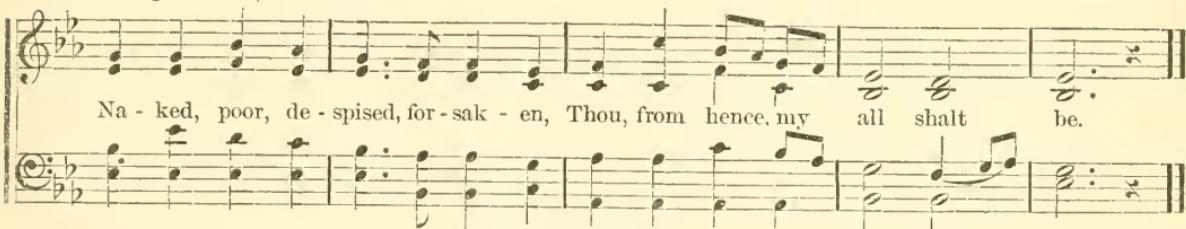
dim.



still my own!
all is bright. } Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low Thee;
good to me.



Tenor prominent, two measures.



Na - ked, poor, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.

OLD HUNDRED.



1. From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Let the Creator's praise arise ; Through every land, by every tongue.
2. Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Eternal truth attends thy word ; Till suns shall rise and set no more.



LAND OF SUNSHINE.

Trio and Quartet.

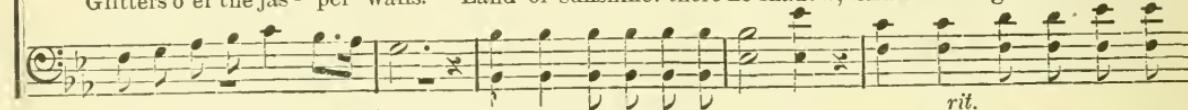


1. Far above earth's lowering shadows, Well I know the sunlight falls, And the glo-ry of God's presence
 2. Here the mists of sorrow shroud us Friends depart or prove unkind, There our Father's smile is constant,
 3. Far above earth's lowering shadows, Well I know the sunlight falls, And the glo-ry of God's presence

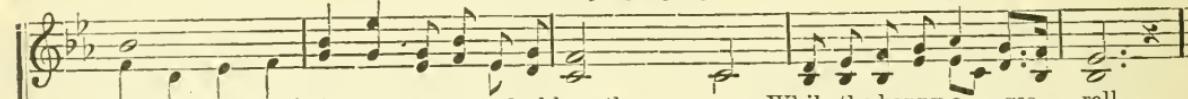
TENOR.



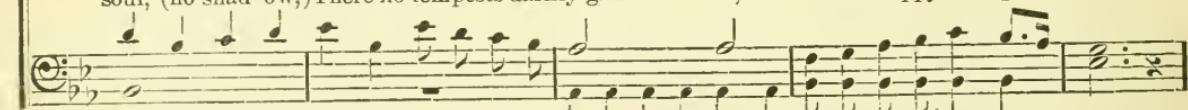
Glitters o'er the jas- per walls. Land of sunshine! there no shadow, Shuts the light from out the
 Driving gloom from out the mind. May I on-ly reach that country, What doth mat- ter darkness
 Glitters o'er the jas- per walls. Land of sunshine! there no shadow, Shuts the light from out the



rit.



soul, (no shad-ow,) There no tempests darkly gath - er, While the happy a - ges roll.
 here, (what matter,) Like a dream 'twill be forgot - ten, When that glory shall ap - pear.
 soul, (no shad-ow,) There no tempests darkly gath - er, While the happy a - ges roll.



There no tempests gather,
 Like a dream forgotten.

IN THE SECRET OF HIS PRESENCE.

153

ELLEN L. GORETH.

SOLO.

Arr. by Dr. J. B. HERBERT. Used by per.

1. In the se - cret of His presence how my soul delights to hide! How precious are the
 2. When my soul is faint and thirs-ty,'neath the shad-ow of His wing, There's cool and pleasant
 3. Would you like to know the sweetness of the se - cret of the Lord? Go hide beneath His

les-sons which I learn at Je - sus' side! Earth-ly cares can nev - er vex me, neith-er
 shelt-er and a fresh and crys-tal spring; And my Sav - iour rests be- side me as we
 shadow, this shall then be your re - ward; And when e'er you leave the si - lence of that

rit.

tri- als lay me low, For when Sa-tan comes to tempt me, to the se-cret place I go.
 hold communion sweet; If I tried I could not ut-ter what He says when thus we meet.
 hap-py meet-ing- place, You must mind and bear the im-age of the Mas-ter in your face.

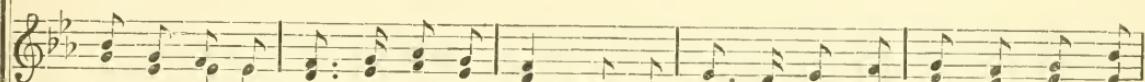
CHORUS.

In the se-cret of His pres-ence how my soul delights to hide! Oh, how precious are the

In the se-cret of His pres-ence how my soul delights to hide! Oh, how precious are the



les-sons which I learn at Je-sus' side! Earth-ly cares can nev-er vex me, neith-er



les-sons which I learn at Je-sus' side! Earth-ly cares can nev-er vex me, neith-er

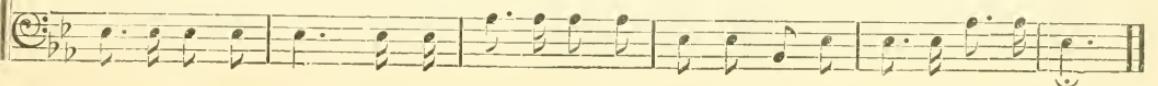


tri - als lay me low, For when Sa-tan comes to tempt me, to the se-cret place I go.



rit.

tri - als lay me low, For when Sa-tan comes to tempt me, to the se-cret place I go.



HE WAITS FOR THEE.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Up - on the great high - ways thou stand - est wea - ry, Thou
 2. The hopes of earth - life oft - en fade and fail thee, Thou

wea - ry, standest wea - ry,
 fail thee, fade and fail thee,

cri - est ev - er - more "A - lone and drear - y," And wilt not un - der -
 hast no ref - uge when thy foes as - sail thee, And when the night shall

drear - y, lone and drear - y,
 - sail thee foes as - sail thee,

- stand that there so near thee, Thy Sav - iour waits to love, and bless, and
 come, oh, who will guide thee, If thou dost still re - fuse the Friend be -

near thee, there so near thee,
 guide thee, who will guide thee,

Copyright, 1890, by Fillmore Bros.

HE WAITS FOR THEE. Concluded.

157

cheer thee, cheer thee. He stands so near, and yet thy blind-ed vis-ion Is
- side thee. In Him is strength, in Him di-vine com-pas-sion, He

cheer thee, bless and cheer thee.
- side thee, Friend be-side thee.

turned a-way from hope and light e-lys-ian, Thou wilt not see that 'Tis for thee He
chang-es not, though things of earth-ly fash-ion Grow old and die, ah! turn thee, heart so

car- eth, For thee, for thee the heav-y cross He bear - - eth.
wear-y, And thou shalt nev-er more be lone and drear - - y.

the heav-y cross He bear - eth,
and drear-y, lone and drear-y.

GENERAL INDEX.

Titles in Small Caps.—First Lines in Roman.

A	PAGE	B	PAGE	C	PAGE	D	PAGE	E	PAGE	F	PAGE	G	PAGE		
A BEAUTIFUL WORLD	93	BENEATH HIS WING	5	BEAUTIFUL HOME	85	BENEATH THE SHADOW OF	146	DO NOT BE AFRAID	31	DO NOT BE AFRAID	152	EARTH IS FULL OF BRIGHTNESS	3	GATHER THEM INTO THE FOLD	6
ABIDE WITH ME	125	BEYOND THE WAVES OF	23	BEAUTIFUL HOPE	75	COME TO THE FEAST	56	DON'T STEP THERE	40	FORWARD GO	18	GATHERING OF THE NATION'S	66		
ABLE AND WILLING TO SAVE	34	BE READY WHEN HE COMES	120	BEAUTIFUL LAND ON HIGH	58	COME WHEN THE MORN WITH	14	FOR ME HE CARETH	105	FOR ME HE CARETH	105	GENTLY HE LEADS US	53		
A HAPPY LAND	95	BLESSED BIBLE	12	ARE YOU FIT FOR THE	48	BLESS THE LORD, O SOUL	37	FROM EAST AND WEST, FROM	66	FROM EAST AND WEST, FROM	66	GLORY TO HIS NAME	106		
ALL HAIL THE POWER	71	BLESSED CHRIST OF GALILEE	42	ARE YOU READY FOR YOUR LORD	120	BLESSED ROCK OF AGES	64	FROM FAR ACROSS THE ROLLING	96	FROM FAR ACROSS THE ROLLING	96	HEART'S LOWRING	122		
ARE YOU FIT FOR THE	48	BLESS THE LORD, O SOUL	37	ARE YOU WITNESSING	32	BRIGHT HAPPY HOME	26	FROM HEAVEN TO EARTH	122	FROM THE WORLD OF WANT	116	HEART'S LOWRING	122		
Are you ready for your Lord	120	BRIGHT HAPPY HOME	26	CAST THY BREAD	20	CHILDREN ARE STRAYING	6	FROM THE WORLD OF WANT	116	HEART'S LOWRING	122	HEART'S LOWRING	122		
ARE YOU WITNESSING	32	CHILDREN ARE STRAYING	6	CHIME ON SWEET BELLS	74	CHRIST IS MY REDEEMER	116	COME FOR THE BANQUET IS	56	GATHER THEM INTO THE FOLD	6				
AROUND THE THRONE	89	CHRIST IS MY REDEEMER	116	COME TO THE FEAST	56	GATHERING OF THE NATION'S	66	GATHERING OF THE NATION'S	66						
A SONG OF PRAISE	22	CHRIST OUR KING	47	COME WHEN THE MORN WITH	14	GENTLY HE LEADS US	53	GENTLY HE LEADS US	53						
A song we shall sing	124	CLOSE BY MY SIDE	117	CROWN HIM KING OF KINGS	14	GLORY TO HIS NAME	106	GLORY TO HIS NAME	106						
As on the path of life	40	COME WHEN THE MORN WITH	14	HEART'S LOWRING	122	HEART'S LOWRING	122	HEART'S LOWRING	122						
AS WE GO MARCHING HOME	51	CROWN HIM KING OF KINGS	14	HEART'S LOWRING	122	HEART'S LOWRING	122	HEART'S LOWRING	122						
AT THE FOUNTAIN	60	HEART'S LOWRING	122	HEART'S LOWRING	122	HEART'S LOWRING	122	HEART'S LOWRING	122						
A wanderer weary	60	HEART'S LOWRING	122	HEART'S LOWRING	122	HEART'S LOWRING	122	HEART'S LOWRING	122						

	PAGE
God forbid that I should glory	57
GOD HOLDS THE KEY	69
GOOD-NIGHT	143
Guide us Jehovah	65

H

HAIL HIM KING OF KINGS	122
HARK, THE BELLS	7
HAVE YOU FOUND JESUS	111
Have you touched the garments	102
HE IS RISEN	104
HE KNOWS IT ALL	109
HE LIVES FOR YOU AND ME	61
HE LOVES US	3
He of whom the books	25
HE WAITS FOR THEE	156
Helmet on and sword	39
How fair are the walls	148
How MUCH I OWE	46
How sweet, how heavenly	121
How sweet are the songs	119

I

I COME, DEAR LORD, TO THEE	126
I have heard of a home	140
I have a friend in heaven	94
I KNOW IT WAS HIS LOVE	130
I know not where to go	126
I think, when I read	99
I WILL FOLLOW THEE	9
I WILL LIFT MY HEART	97
I will toil for Thee	106
I WONDER IF THERE'S ROOM	140
I would be, from day to	77
If we only sought to brighten	112
IF WE WALK IN THE LIGHT	86
IN EVERY THING GIVE THANKS	36

	PAGE
IN THE SECRET OF HIS	153
Into Thy presence blest	74
I'VE FOUND CHRIST A SAVIOUR	129
I've wandered oft when told	130

J

JEHOVAH REIGNS	128
JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE	150
Jesus, I will follow Thee	9
Jesus is the Children's King	47
Jesus is the Friend to trust	53
Jesus knocks at the door	113
JESUS LOVES ME	35
Jesus, my Saviour dear	123
JESUS, MY SAVIOUR	15

L

LAND OF SUNSHINE	152
LEAD US ON	65
LET THEM COME TO ME	96

LET THY GLORY REST ON ME	127
Let us watch and pray	68
Let us with a joyful mind	87
Life is oft beset with	78
LIGHT OF LIFE	80
Little children all can give	43
LITTLE HEARTS AND HANDS	45
LITTLE HELPS	43
Lo, a Friend near thee now	113
Lone in the garden	104
LOOKING UNTO JESUS	39
LORD, ACCEPT OUR PRAISE	133
LORD'S PRAYER, THE	55
LOVE DIVINE	27
LOVE OF JESUS	41
Lovely word that's nightly	143

M

	PAGE
MARCHING AND SINGING	30
MARCHING TO THE PROMISED	24
Master of the world's great	83
Mercy in Jesus, my brother	34
MORE AND MORE LIKE JESUS	77
MOVE FORWARD	59
Murmuring softly from	44
My feet are in the miry	64.
MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT	16
MY HEAVENLY FRIEND	94
My hope is in thy promise	146
MY PRESENCE SHALL GO WITH	62

N

NEVER BE DISCOURAGED	52
Night and morning	97
NONE LIKE JESUS	19

O

O'er the sea that wildly dashes	10
O, I am glad because	61
O, I am so glad that	114
O, LEAD ME	123
O Lord, how much I owe	46
O Lord, my heart	22
O Lord, Thy word	80
O LOVE DIVINE	27
O man of sorrows	27
ON THE HILLS	136
O, the home of the soul	88
O, THE MEETING	63
O, THE MUSIC OVER THERE	50
Our Father, who in heaven	55
Our Saviour bids us come	58
OVER THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER	44

P	PAGE	PAGE	PAGE			
PRECIOUS SAVIOUR	108	The love of Christ constraineth	41	WE ARE LITTLE SOLDIERS	98	
PRESS ON	100	THE MUSIC OVER THERE	50	We are marching	29	
PROCLAIM THE TIDINGS	107	THE NEW SONG	124	WE KNOW NOT YET	28	
S					WE SCATTER SEEDS	81
SALVATION IS FREE	114	THE SAVIOUR AT THE DOOR	84	WE SHALL GATHER HOME	67	
Saviour, teach me	49	THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS	57	WE SHALL MEET BEYOND THE	110	
SEND ME	83	THE SWEET STORY OF OLD	99	WE SHALL SEE AND KNOW	38	
SHADOW OF THE CROSS, THE	57	THE WEDDING FEAST	25	We're a band of happy	79	
SHALL WE KNOW OUR LORD	34	There are hills beyond the	136	We're a happy, pilgrim band	30	
Sing over and over	8	THERE IS A BEAUTIFUL WORLD	93	WE'RE A LOYAL BAND	29	
SING THE SWEET STORY	8	THERE IS A HAPPY LAND	95	We're marching to the promised	24	
SOLDIERS OF JESUS	54	There is a time, a happy	76	WEDDING FEAST, THE	25	
SONG OF PRAISE	22	There is a time for	82	WHAT A MORNING	144	
SONGS OF JESUS	119	There's a bright, happy	26	What radiant homes	23	
STAND FOR THE RIGHT	54	There's a far off path	42	When Israel's noble leader	62	
Stealing from the world	149	There's a feast of love	70	When laden, laden with sorrow	85	
SUFFER THE CHILDREN	13	THIS I KNOW	92	When Paul in contrition	16	
SWEET HOME OF REST	148	This world is fair	138	When the bells are sweetly	67	
T					Though stars should fall	128
TAKE UP THY CROSS	17	Though the tempest rages	21	WHEN THE KING COMES IN	70	
Tell me brother worn and	32	THOU ART MY SHEPHERD	103	WHEN THE LORD SHALL CALL	76	
Tell me the old, old story	21	THROUGH THE BLOOD	102	When the misty clouds around	90	
THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER	44	Through the meadows green	4	When the shadows round	108	
The bells of heaven are ringing	51	To-day, to-morrow, evermore	17	When we pass death's	38	
THE BLESSED ROCK OF AGES	64	TOILING UP THE NARROW WAY	72	When we've crossed the dark	134	
THE BRIGHT HAPPY HOME	26	TRUSTING JESUS	79	Whereas I once was	92	
THE GATHERING OF THE	66	Trust your life with Jesus	19	WHERE THE SHEPHERDS LEADS	4	
THE GLORIOUS MORNING	90	U				
THE HARBOR LIGHT	10	Upon the great highways	156			
THE KINGDOM OVER YONDER	138	UNSEEN BUT HEARD	112			
The lesson is hard for our	36	W				
THE LORD'S GOOD TIME	82	WATCH AND PRAY	68			
THE LORD'S PRAYER	55	WE ARE GOING DOWN THE	132			
Y					Ye are the temple	127
					Yes, for me He careth	105

WARD & DRUMMOND,

Publishers of and Dealers in

SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOOKS AND SUPPLIES.

FULL SUPPLY OF THE

Latest Sunday-school Singing-books. Also Carols
and Services for all Festival Occasions.

711 BROADWAY. - NEW YORK CITY.